

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1764

FEBRUARY 24, 1906

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Continued on page 170

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THE LITERARY WEEK

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, in his reflections from the Easy Chair in the current *Harper's* on Mr. Henry Holt's recent *Atlantic Monthly* essay on the "Commercialisation of Literature," thinks that Mr. Holt has miscalled his present essay, and that he has really written on the demoralisation of the book trade. "He has written of this," characteristically avers Mr. Howells, "very knowledgefully, of course, and very justly, but, upon the whole, we feel not hopefully enough. . . . The relation of the author to his publisher is altogether of a gracefulest and sincerest friendship than the relation of patron and client in which literature lived before it was at all 'commercialised.'" Publication is, and always has been, says Mr. Howells, commercialised; but literature can be commercialised only when it aims to sell, or aims in unworthy ways to please. The corruption of literature can be wrought only through the authors of it.

Publishers' relations with the author, according to Mr. Howells, are very intimate, very tender; and "they are more so than other business relations because they (the publishers) somehow feel his helplessness, his generic haplessness." "It may be," Mr. Howells continues slyly, "that there is something peculiarly winning in the literary temperament; we would like to think so; or it may be that publishers are of exceptionally affectionate natures, or that their business is one which singularly softens and subdues the asperities of the mercantile relation." Delicious! But is it true?

The publisher of the sixteenth century was, nine times out of ten, a rogue and a thief. When we come to the eighteenth century we find bad publishers, in whom the asperities of the mercantile relation were very asperous indeed, and fatherly, benevolent publishers, who took their risks, advanced money to the dissolute, spendthrift children who worked for them (when they felt inclined), and have been unjustly handed down to execration because they took those risks into consideration, and remembered that, after all, they were men of business and not charitable institutions.

We imagine that publishers were quite at their best in the early days of the nineteenth century. There are many stories in literary history which show their paternal kindness and their long-suffering consideration for these wayward, tiresome children of genius; and if the annals of the House of Murray, for instance, or the house of Smith, Elder, were all told, we should probably find a hundred more such cases. But can we follow Mr. Howells into his delightful *aperçu* of the position of to-day?

We believe that there is no class of business men nowadays so just, so considerate, and so idealistic as the publishers. Harassed by competition that grows stronger every day, worried by a swarm of authors and robbed of much of their profits by a chaotic law of copyright, they preserve (most of them) their patience and their sense of humour. It cannot be the nature of their business that softens the asperities. No position—not even that of an Editor—can be more full of anxiety and disappointment. And the modern writer is certainly not helpless. As to his being winning, that is a personal matter; there can be no question that the publisher is too often losing.

Still, the intimate and tender relations go on. Only the other day the lions and the lambs (which class is which, let the reader decide for himself) met over the hospitable board of that energetic body, the Lyceum Club. The Literary Board of the Bureau invited Mr. Reginald Smith, President of the Publishers' Association, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Adam Black and others to meet Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Blundell, Miss Mitton and a great many more, and the talk was all of Jane Austen and the Brontës, and not at all, we understand, of rights, royalties, commission, and half-profits. Perhaps that came next day in the offices. But it looks as if one part of Mr. Howells's contention were true.

We can sympathise with *The Times* in its fall before the very strong temptation to reproduce passages from the instalment of news sent it by a Dutch news agency as an example of its work. "Netherland and the Conference in Algieras.—With an eye upon the speedily expected dividing of the attorneys in two parties, after the occasion of the French-German difference, outed the Dutch press the wish, that now is explained which standing point the Dutch attorneys will take in this." Foreign news expressed in the manner of Mr. Anstey in *Punch* would add to the gaiety of breakfast-tables, if resulting in the bewilderment of nations. But the oddest thing about it is that it is a Dutch agency from which this comes. The Dutch are exceptionally good linguists. We have heard Mr. "Maarten Maartens" declare the reason to be that his countrymen have such a distressing language of their own (readers of Mr. Lucas's "Wanderer in Holland" will remember what the Dutch for "motor-car" is) that they are forced in self-defence to learn others. Mr. Maartens himself is a fair example; and only last year we saw a Dutch actor, Mr. Henri de Vries, master English in three months. The bulb-catalogue of Mr. J. J. Thoolen used to be a yearly source of hilarity; partly from the command of our language (we remember a tulip described as "blotched, spotted, streaked, speckled and flushed"), and partly from the ignorance of it which was displayed. Then came a change for the better (or worse) in its English, and we read it now without a smile. Perhaps the same will happen to this news agency, if *The Times* will give it encouragement.

Mr. Seaman is the third Cambridge man in succession to be called to the editorship of *Punch*. Tom Taylor was a Fellow of Trinity, Sir Francis Burnand was an undergraduate of the same College, the new editor is of Clare, and a Porson University prizeman. Another Clare man on the staff is the Reverend A. C. Deane, while Mr. Anstey Guthrie is of Trinity. It is a triumph for the Universities to be able to compel the world to acknowledge that, even at wit and humour, University men do better work than others. The competition between *Punch* and *Fun*, at one time keen, was, in a way, a contest in which the Universities were matched against All England. *Fun* was, in those days, very well represented; its contributors including Tom Hood, Henry Sampson, the founder of the *Referee*, Ambrose Bierce, the author of "In the midst of Life," Mr. George R. Sims, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose

"Bab Ballads" appeared in its columns; but the result of the competition was never seriously in doubt. The *Punch* men were bound to win, because they moved on a higher plane of ideas. They might be just as frivolous as the *Fun* men, but they knew more both of books and of the world.

We have commented before on the inferiority of Oxford to Cambridge in the art in which the great names are those of Calverley, J. K. Stephen, Mr. Owen Seaman, and Mr. Adrian Ross. The difference is one which does not show itself, as a rule, until after the undergraduate days are over. The undergraduate wits of Oxford are just as witty, and just as frivolous, as the undergraduate wits of Cambridge. The *Oxford Spectator* was quite as clever as the *Granta* and to our contemporary, *The Isis*, wittiest and jolliest of University journals, we turn with avidity every week. The parodies of Browning and Whitman which Mr. Quiller-Couch wrote for the *Oxford Magazine* were quite as good as anything of the kind ever produced at the other University. But the Oxford wit has, far more noticeably than the Cambridge wit, a tendency to grow more serious as he grows older—to turn from the quip and crank to the serious criticism of life. Of the jesters of the *Oxford Spectator* for instance, one became a Bishop and another is the present art critic of the *Times*; while Mr. Quiller-Couch, who began like Mr. Seaman, is now trying to do for Cornwall what R. D. Blackmore did for Devonshire.

No doubt the cause may be found in the curriculum. The Cambridge men study the classics as linguists, and excel in the verbal felicities. Their best writers of English verse have been, like Calverley, equally good as writers of Latin verse. They have often, also like Calverley, had nothing to say, and have said it excellently well. The Oxford man is far less of a linguist; but his mind bears the additional burden of Mill's "Logic" and Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." Language, therefore, bears a closer relation to thought at the older University, and the Oxonian, when he leaves Oxford, puts away what he considers childish things. One can see even Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Chesterton trying to do it week after week in the causerie columns of the *Illustrated London News*. There remains, of course, Mr. Godley on the other side; but he ought to have been at Cambridge, where he would have been discouraged from rhyming "Magrath" with "star" after the manner of the Cockneys.

We notice with some dismay a growing fancifulness in end-papers. We have a book before us in which the end-papers are imitations of the striped skin of some jungle-beast; and the design, as a stamp in the corner proves, has been registered. We sincerely hope that was an unnecessary precaution, and that no one would wish to imitate it. Some travel-works we have lately seen have shown brilliant green end-papers with maps on them—useful, no doubt, but exceedingly ugly. We have no complaint to make against such comic end-papers as may be found, for instance, in the *Westminster Gazette* Office Boy's "Political Parables," in which Mr. Francis Brown depicts the members of the late Administration swimming about in life-belts after shipwreck in a stormy sea; nor, of course, to the graceful and delicate designs that decorate the end-papers of Messrs. Dent's and Messrs. Newnes's reprints. It is, indeed, the knowledge of how beautiful end-papers can be—the recollection of the lovely things which Morleys of Oxford used to allow one to choose for oneself—that moves us to a protest against the pursuit of the *bizarre* at the expense of the beautiful.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Miss Florence B. Low relates the result of some inquiries into the question: What girls read? One wonders if people will ever cease professing to

be shocked because such inquiries show that girls are not specially devoted to the classical writers, whether living or dead. Girls, like the rest of us, read chiefly for their amusement; and it is a poor compliment to a great writer to suggest that his work is specially suitable for the pupils of an Academy for Young Ladies. It does not follow that because Shakespeare is a greater writer than Edna Lyall, boarding-school misses will derive greater advantage from his writings. Just as it is necessary for them to study spelling books before they make any use of dictionaries, and to practise five-finger exercises before they can play sonatas, so a course of Edna Lyall may be a very proper prelude to a course of the literature which makes heavier demands on the experience and the intelligence. *Hamlet* must necessarily be "words, words, words," to the average school-girl: and she is likely to be too young even to understand Cordelia, because she is too young to understand King Lear. She may, or may not, grow up to feel the real greatness of Shakespeare; but to cry out because she does not feel it while she is at school is as unreasonable as to cry out because she does not read Hegel or John Stuart Mill.

An American lady, Miss Myrtle Reed, has made an ingenious proposal. She has dared to attack man, the novelist, on the ground that he breaks down whenever he attempts to describe a woman's dress. To remedy this defect, she suggests a course of lectures on feminine attire at the School of Journalism at the University of Columbia. Perhaps Anglo-Saxon authors are to seek in this respect; but in France, where everything that relates to woman is appreciated at its true value, the reverse is the case. M. Paul Bourget, in particular, is evidently a diligent student of the fashion plates, while M. George Ohnet pays hardly less attention to their teaching.

The three days' sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on February 28 and March 1 and 2, will deal with the library of the late Mr. S. George Holland of Sussex Square, Hyde Park. The collection is especially strong in first editions of nineteenth-century writers, mainly novelists and poets, illustrators such as Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Leech, H. K. Browne, and Doyle, and sporting books by Alken, Orme, Grimble, Crealock, Apperley, Scrope, works on Costume, and works on Birds.

Amongst the first editions are Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard," "The Tower of London," "Old St. Paul's," "The Miser's Daughter," and the "Lord Mayor of London"; Matthew Arnold's "Strayed Reveller"; Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; all the works of the Brontës, the Brownings, Dickens, Thomas Hardy, Leigh Hunt, Richard Jefferies, Douglas Jerrold, Jesse, Charles Lever, Lord Lytton, Capt. Marryat, Shelley (including "Queen Mab"), R. L. Stevenson, Swinburne, Tennyson and Thackeray. Among the larger books are a set of Goupil's *Illustrated Historical Monographs* and Gould's "Birds of Great Britain," five volumes, 1873, bound by Zaehnsdorf, the Duke of Buccleuch's original subscription copy. An unusual feature of the sale is a copy of Shakespeare's Works printed on vellum. All the books are in perfect condition.

The following is the dedication of Mrs. Marriott Watson's new book, "The Heart of a Garden":

TO LADY NORTHCLIFFE

Birds in your garden once again—
(The old-time garden that you love)—
Wake to the touch of silver rain,
Sing while the gold sun mounts above.
So runs it still, the ancient tale,
Through immemorial years foretold—
The dreaming bride behind the veil,
The conquering Prince with spurs of gold.

And those that say and those that sing
 (As thousands dead have said and sung),
 Do but enregister the spring,
 But praise that world where all is young,
 O, many a dream it fades and dies,
 And many a hope it lives in vain,
 But never dream of April skies,
 And never hope of soft spring rain.
 Then for your ancient pleasance' sake,
 With all its fair sequestered ways,
 Dear Lady of the Garden, take
 This book of garden dreams and days.

The Literary Theatre Society, Limited, is a new body formed for the occasional performance of what for want of a better word we must call "literary" plays. The members at present are: Mr. Laurence Binyon, Miss Gwendolen Bishop, Miss Florence Farr, Mr. T. Sturge Moore, Mr. W. A. Pye, Mr. C. S. Ricketts and Mr. C. H. Shannon. The first performance will take place on Sunday, March 25, the play chosen being a somewhat enlarged and altered version of Mr. Sturge Moore's *Aphrodite against Artemis*, with scenery and costumes designed by Mr. C. S. Ricketts. We hope shortly to publish the terms of subscription and further details: meanwhile application should be made to the secretary of the Literary Theatre Society, Limited, at 20 St. James's Square, Holland Park, W.

On Sunday, February 25, at the New Royalty Theatre, by the courtesy of Mr. Gaston Mayer, the dramatic section of the Dramatic Debaters will produce, under the direction of Mr. Nugent Monck, the following one-act plays: *Miss Vere D'Arsay*, by F. M. Meyer; *The Death of a Soul*, by Robert Kelso; and *Treasure Trove*, by Edith A. Browne. Applications for membership will be received by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. F. D. Bone, 6 Bolingbroke Mansions, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

An open competitive examination for not fewer than twelve situations as assistant examiner in the Patent Office will be held by the Civil Service Commissioners in April next. The examination will commence on the 23rd of the month, and forms of application for admission to it are now ready for issue and may be obtained on request addressed by letter to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

Society of Arts: Arrangements for week ending March 3. Monday, February 26, at 8 P.M., Cantor Lectures—"Modern Warships," by Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S. (five lectures). Lecture V.—Recent types of warships, British and foreign—Battleships—Armoured and protected cruisers—Scouts—Torpedo-boats and destroyers—Submarines. Wednesday, February 28, at 8 P.M. Ordinary Meeting: "London Traffic," by Captain G. S. C. Swinton, I.C.C. Sir John Wolfe-Barry, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., will preside.

Physical Society of London. A meeting of the Society will be held at 5 P.M. on Friday, February 23, 1906, at the Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Agenda: (1) A Note on Talbot's Bands, by Mr. James Walker; (2) Secondary Röntgen Radiation, by Mr. Chas. G. Barkla; (3) Records of the Difference of Potential between Railway Lines, and a suggested Method for the Observation of Earth-Currents and Magnetic Variations, by Messrs. C. W. S. Crawley and F. B. O. Hawes. Council Meeting at 4.45 P.M.

Linnean Society of London. Evening meeting, Thursday, March 1, at 8 P.M., when the following papers will be read: Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., F.L.S., "On a type of Stem from the Coal Measures"; Dr. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S., F.L.S., "Notes on some species of Nereis in the District of the Thames Estuary."

The usual Spring Announcements Supplement to the ACADEMY will be issued with the number of March 10.

LITERATURE

RICH AND POOR

The Great Refusal. By MAXWELL GRAY. (Long, 6s.)

It would be gross flattery if we were to say that this book is anything like so good as "The Silence of Dean Maitland," an earlier novel by the same writer. It is more garish and flamboyant; and yet there is much in it that deserves more than a passing notice. Evidently the author began with the intention of giving expression to that current of thought in our own time that rebels against the excessive luxury indulged in by some of the richer people. Very likely she would object to the use of the word "some," because, as is the way of social reformers, she makes her indictment sweeping and writes as though all were equally guilty. We can easily fancy that, in laying down the lines of this book, the writer took a careful and detailed survey of the situation. She saw that it was necessary to paint the evils against which the protest was directed. We are, therefore, presented with a lurid picture of the more or less Babylonish society of the twentieth century. The story opens at Oxford University amid athletics and gaiety and the poetry and charm which are combined in that home of "lost causes." Beneath the surface, however, there is already growing in the mind of the young student, Adrian Bassett, a belief that the supreme gift of life was not bestowed for the mere purpose of devoting it to self-gratification. He evidently begins to think even then that there must be a purpose behind it all and that there is some truth in the ancient biblical saying that one day "thy soul shall be required of thee." In other words, when the supreme test comes to be applied, it will not be asked what a man has done to push himself forward or to satisfy his own lusts and desires, but how the world has benefited by his existence. So one of the earliest incidents in this novel shows the hero of it in an act of protest. His moral earnestness, or what some would scathingly call his "yearnerness," sends him to a Settlement in the East End where he is tortured by the spectacle of the brutality and hunger and wretchedness prevalent there. Indeed, he is a little feminine and emotional through all this, and is moved, as the old books say, to the point of tears. He murmurs again and again, in something like the madness of despair: "after two thousand years, after two thousand years." Meantime society is pursuing its usual course in the wealthy quarters of the city. The fascination of Bridge, which seems to be career enough for some women of quality, the excitement of mere gambling, the still greater excitement of strong drink indulged in by some of the fashionable beauties of the day—these are all depicted in glaring colours. The author has, in fact, tried her utmost to reflect the amusements of the wealthy. A caustic reviewer would probably add that it would have been well if she had made herself more familiar with them, as the descriptions, even when they are not absolutely inaccurate, verge closely upon caricature. Polo at Ranelagh is a case in point, though the description of it is not so absolutely fatuous as that of golf at St. Andrews. The writer is evidently under the hallucination that the last drive at the last hole decides the match, for, when it is made, the hero of the moment turns proudly away and walks towards the club-house, while "Who has it? was echoed on all hands." There is a reference to chess also which shows a profound ignorance of the first elements of the game. When describing a dinner at the Carlton Restaurant and the dresses worn there, the author is much more at home. To a fine nature all this sort of thing is naturally repugnant; and, if it had been well presented, we could easily have understood Adrian's action in refusing the wealth that ought to have been his by inheritance and choosing in preference the hard and difficult life of the unskilled labourer in the East End; but the touch of reality that would have ensured this is absent, and we are compelled to pursue the idea through

ranks of shadowy figures, which the author in vain tries to enwrap with the outward signs of humanity. In fairness, however, it must be said that this criticism applies much more to the earlier chapters of the book than to the end, where the writer's style improves and her grip and handling are more admirable. It is scarcely our business to follow these simulacra and the manoeuvres which they are compelled to execute in order to bring about the predestined result, which is the establishment of a Brotherhood in East Africa. It is to be a kind of happy valley of oblivion where "falls not hail, or rain, or any snow," or, in other words, where "the still, sad music of humanity" is not heard, but where life will go on without the pangs and struggles and brutalities that deface it in this old and decadent empire. It is not a great ending to the story, nor is the moral of it as patent as the writer imagines. Adrian Bassett and his fellows must have learned what a Latin author indicated some two thousand years ago. They could change their land but not the human heart. That they carry with them, and the reader in the end feels that the hero's dream is all moonshine and his hopes a fallacy; that away in that colony he is going to found, rage and passion and licence will break out, just as they did at home. It would have been a manlier part to face the music and try to the utmost to do what could be done to remedy some of the flagrant evils of which there is so keen a consciousness.

But the author fails chiefly because she has not defined exactly what she would be at. In regard to the condition of the poor, her hero is an ignoramus. He knows nothing of that achievement in the past of which, in Tennysonian language, we may say that that which they have done is but earnest of the things that they shall do. Amid the clamour raised by the social reformers of to-day we must not allow it to be forgotten that labour during the last half-century has made a mighty advance. It is better housed, better fed, better clothed and better educated than it was in the old time. The generation of Englishmen of to-day is the healthiest and the strongest that ever existed, and the brutality which was common a hundred years ago is now a far rarer occurrence. Take such an offence as wife-beating, for instance. We know that it used to be quite usual, and nobody was alarmed at it; whereas to-day a man found guilty of it would not only be punished at law, but would be branded by public opinion. This is a great advance to have made; and, far from deterring the young enthusiast, it might have given him hope of greater achievements in the time to come. For the luxury for which he has a great distaste, it is not easy to say anything lapologetic, and the author would have scored much more effectually if she had confined herself to this theme. No doubt, as is pointed out in the book, the American millionaire is a good deal to blame. He it was who started giving those luxurious banquets which previously, if not unknown, had at least been very uncommon in English society. He was followed by the self-made *nouveau riche*, and the latter, from the very nature of the case, is bound to have friends at both ends of the social scale, so that the influence swept downward till the honest and homely dinner of our ancestors has too often become a luxurious feast. This is not an argument in favour of the simple life. There is a certain want of candour on the part of those who are continually declaiming against the taste for fine things. As a matter of fact, if we speak plainly, most of us have a hearty enjoyment of them. In themselves they are not evil, and if the man who has his hard work to do in this world finds that they yield him rest and refreshment and recreation, they are justified so far as he is concerned. It is not against those who work however, that this sermon should be directed, but against those with whom the be-all and end-all of existence is luxury and amusement. The author should have concentrated her attention there; but in no circumstances would a novel written so unashamedly with a purpose "be worth dignifying with the name of art."

DEMOSTHENES

Demosthenes against Midias. By WILLIAM W. GOODWIN, Ph.D., Hon. LL.D. and D.C.L. (Cambridge University Press, 9s.)

THE speech against Midias is interesting in many ways. It gives us some insight (like most of the private orations) into the social life of an Athenian citizen of the Demosthenic age. We learn how a wealthy citizen of Athens could make such large use of his influence as to enable him to pass furtive remarks to the jury while they were being sworn, and to block the passage of the chorus from their dressing-room through the proscenium to the orchestra, to both of which vexatious acts Midias resorted in his eagerness to insult and injure Demosthenes. We read with satisfaction that when the same pretentious plutocrat arrived in Euboea, where he was to serve as a cavalry officer, riding on a saddle with silver trappings, and furnished with many woollen cloaks, drinking-cups and wine jars, the customs officers seized these articles as not being a natural part of a cavalry officer's equipment. The speech, moreover, is full of interesting points in Attic procedure, and is the only extant argument in a case of *προβολή*, which was a preliminary appeal to the public Assembly, who could not try or punish the offender themselves, but could advise his dismissal or pass him on for trial by a regularly constituted court of law, just as our Grand Jury can find, or not find, a true bill against a person brought before it. The Ecclesia found a true bill against Midias for an assault on Demosthenes when officiating as choregus in the theatre of Dionysus at the great Dionysiac festival. The extant speech, like that brilliant *ignoratio elenchi*, the *pro Milone* of Cicero, was never delivered, Demosthenes having dropped the prosecution in consideration of a sum of thirty minae (three thousand drachmae, a little more than one hundred and twenty pounds sterling) paid to him by the wealthy Midias. This introduces the third and highest source of interest in the speech, as constituting valuable evidence in the question of the moral and political character of Demosthenes.

Plutarch made a hero of Demosthenes, as he did of Brutus in Roman history, and it is only in quite recent times that the high reputation of either has been impugned. Dr. Goodwin is on the side of Plutarch. Touching the bribe he writes:

There were other influences at that time which were stronger in the mind of Demosthenes than the fear of a defeat in his lawsuit. The year 349 B.C. in which the suit was dropped was an eventful period in the early public life of Demosthenes. His ambition was then set on far higher matters than avenging his private wrongs. He had recently delivered the first Philippic and the Olynthiacs were already in his mind, while the threatening movements of Philip in the North were doubtless of far greater concern to him than the assault of Midias. A defeat would have been a heavy blow to his private hopes, and even a victory would have left behind it animosities which might have seriously endangered his political success. His first and greatest struggle was to unite the people of Athens at once in opposition to Philip, and he could not afford to alienate any men of influence at this critical moment.

This is, of course, a pleasing and generous view, but it has not commended itself to the majority of German historians, and we must not forget that the Athenian State regarded the act of Demosthenes as we do misprison of felony, though the consequences in Athens were far less serious, being a trifling fine of a thousand drachmae which was not always exacted.

The amazing force of his greatest public speeches, those on *The Crown* and the *Paraprosbeia*, the *Olynthiacs* and the *Philippics*, and his unrivalled power of clear narrative must not blind us to the fact that he is often sophistical and sometimes self-contradictory. "Every great statesman must be both idealist and realist" observes a modern historian of Greece, Dr. Adolf Holms, "but Demosthenes is so within the limits of a single speech." In a Philippic oration (ii. 13) he acknowledges the right of Sparta to Messene in the year B.C. 344; in the same context he contests the right of Thebes to Orchomenos; in B.C. 338 he gives it and all Boeotia to Thebes. In

Paraprosbeia § 78, when it is urged that the Phocians are ruined but Athens has retained the Chersonese, he exclaims: "do not for Heaven's sake let it be said that to protect your own possessions you sacrificed the interests of your allies." In § 79 he says: "you have never hurt even Lacedaemon nor the cursed Euboea, *except when the interests of Athens demanded it*." In *De Corona* § 199, he declares that Athens would have taken the field against Philip on behalf of Greece even though she knew that she was destined to succumb; in § 301 he boasts of the policy of making Euboea and Boeotia buffers (*προβάλλεσθαι*) for Athens. What would have been the result if he had propounded this view to Thebes when he sought to enlist her against Philip? In 352-350 Demosthenes spoke for Phormio against Apollodorus and for Apollodorus against Stephanus, one of Phormio's witnesses; hence defenders of Demosthenes insist that the speech against Stephanus is spurious, and certainly if it is genuine there is some ground for the sneer of the enemies of Demosthenes recorded by Plutarch. In allusion to his father's business as a sword-maker, they said that the orator supplied daggers to both combatants from the same warehouse. Professor Blass defends the action of Demosthenes in defending Apollodorus as a return for the latter's kindness in introducing a motion for the better administration of the Theoric Fund in place of Demosthenes, who feared a *γραφὴ παρανόμων*, or public impeachment for an unconstitutional act. If so, Apollodorus would be like an editor who should take on himself the consequences of a libel uttered by a contributor; but can we believe that an important public motion would be entrusted by Demosthenes to the son of the ruined money-changer Pasion? After all, Demosthenes was a *logographos* and he could not pick and choose among his briefs. Demosthenes branded as a perjurer in the *contra Stephanum* the same man whom he invoked as a witness in the *contra Apollodorum*; but it was all in the way of business and could probably be paralleled in our own courts. Contrast Cicero's view of Rome's duty to the provinces put forth in the *Verrines* with that urged in the *pro Fonteio*.

The Demosthenic epoch was one in which second-class Greek states began to assert themselves. The Thebans and Thessalians managed to get the control of the Amphictyonic Council and to induce them to impose on the Phocians a heavy fine. Athens helped Phocis by sending a fleet to the neighbourhood of Thermopylae, which prevented the Thessalians from invading Phocis. It was a success of Phocis against Thessaly which first brought Philip to interfere in the affairs of Greece at the instance of the Aleuadae, the great noble family of Thessaly. Philip defeated Onomarchus, captured Pagasae and pushed on to Thermopylae. It was then (B.C. 352) that the Athenian fleet under Eubulus checked Philip and postponed for some six years his conquest of Greece. The year before this Megalopolis asked Athens for aid against Sparta, which was eager to destroy the new city that was the sign and head of the Arcadian confederation. Demosthenes advised Athens to comply—his first appearance in a case involving an important political question. Demosthenes laid down as the condition of Athenian support of Megalopolis the latter's abandonment of Thebes, his main political principle being that both Sparta and Thebes must be kept in a weak state. But such a policy is sound only when no enemy threatens Greece from without. The mistake of Demosthenes was that he encouraged Athens to think that she could still be arbitress of Hellas, and offended Sparta so much that she would not make common cause against Philip. Moreover, as we have observed above, Demosthenes changed his mind on this very question in the second Philippic. It is not true that Hellas was threatened with servitude by Philip, who, however, certainly had Hegemony in view. The policy of Demosthenes resulted in the exploitation of Hellas by Persia. The Macedonian rule had no influence in broadening the narrow and petty life of the Greek States. A voluntary alliance with Mace-

donia would have had a salutary effect. If the Greeks had honestly thrown in their lot with Philip and Alexander in the spirit of Isocrates, they would have reaped the advantage of the conquest of Asia without the evils which Macedonian rule entailed: for in that case there would have been no occasion for Macedonian garrisons in Greek territory. The election of Philip before Chaeronea as commander-in-chief of Hellas against Persia would have secured Greek independence. Demosthenes deceived Athens in two ways: he absurdly underrated the military capacity of Philip, and he persuaded Athens that Philip desired to destroy her utterly (*ὅλως ἀνελθεῖν*). Had Philip been defeated at Chaeronea, the Greek republics would have continued hiring out their generals and soldiers to Persia, instead of confronting her in the field.

Though there is perhaps nowhere in Demosthenes such a splendid piece of pure eloquence as the speech of Pericles over the earliest victims of the Peloponnesian war in the second book of Thucydides, his earnestness is unsurpassed, and he is never diffuse. When Demosthenes called Phocion the *κοπίς* of his periods he did not mean "pruner," as the phrase is usually translated. There is in Demosthenes no redundancy to prune. He meant by the term the sound, sincere, unadorned common sense of Phocion, which he likens to a cleaver or kitchen knife, which was more effective against his passionate appeals to the Athenian mob than the rapier-play of those who practised rhetoric and dialectic like his own. A mis-translation of an expression in Plutarch has fathered on Demosthenes an absurd observation which he never would have made. The story is that Demosthenes, being asked the three chief requisites of oratory, replied: "Action, action, action." This has been understood to mean gesture, and thus oratory is confounded with a graceful though not essential appanage of it. What he said was "acting" (*ὁδὸς ἡθοῦς* is Plutarch's word), the art of the actor, who assumes the emotions which he wishes to excite, obeying the Horatian rule:

*Si vis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.*

It is superfluous to add that the scholarship of the notes, both critical and explanatory, is of the first order. The Appendix is full of learned and lucid explanation of Attic procedure. Whoever enjoys a nice piece of grammatical analysis should read Appendix vii., "On certain supposed Cases of the Nominative with the Infinitive."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

THE LITERATURE OF IRELAND

Heroic Romances of Ireland. Translated by A. H. LEAHY.
(Nutt, vol. i. 5s. net; vol. ii. 3s. net.)

IN the collection of *Heroic Romances* before us—the second and third volumes of the Irish Saga Library—Mr. Leahy has given to English readers some of the oldest romances, in literary forms which seem to him to correspond to the literary forms of the Irish; and so far as the actual rendering is concerned, we have nothing but praise for his industry and his scholarship. His translation is almost always faithful, his style is clear and free from affectation, and he has succeeded admirably in preserving the effect of the original versions. The first volume contains five stories, all of which are in the customary form of prose and verse. It has been argued by some that the prose, by others that the verse was the original form, but we need not stop to discuss the many theories which have been advanced to account for this blending, which makes its appearance in all old Irish legends. The verses occur at the points needing particular emphasis, and we think there is little doubt that the stories were told in simple, direct prose, the verses being added to arouse in the listeners the instincts of patriotism and so on. Many translations of the romances (e.g., Miss Faraday's translation of the *Leabhar na h-Uidhri* version of the Great Tain) omit

the rhetoric—exhortations, challenges, and songs of triumph—entirely, with a result similar, as Mr. Leahy remarks, to that which would be produced by the omission of all the choruses from a Greek tragedy. In the whole of the present collection there are not more than a score of rhetorical passages, but these, as well as the regular verse, Mr. Leahy has rendered with a fidelity which, in view of the difficulty which former translators have experienced, it would be hard to praise too highly.

Of the five stories in vol. i., two versions are given of the first, "The Courtship of Etain," one from the Egerton manuscript, 1782, the other from the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, the oldest Irish manuscript of romance. There are other authorities: the Yellow Book of Lecan, the Book of Leinster, and references in different copies of the "Dindshenchas" under Rath Esa, Rath Croghan, and Bri Leith; but they add little to the two versions here printed, and we think Mr. Leahy chose wisely. True, the Leabhar na h-Uidhri version is imperfect, but the translator has filled in the three gaps, and, though he has been unable to complete the description of the chess match, the ending of the tale—based on a passage in O'Curry's "Manners and Customs" in reference to a hitherto untranslated manuscript source, and on the "Dindshenchas" of Rath Esa—is adequate. The Egerton version is undoubtedly superior from a literary standpoint: it is more human, and the supernatural element is subordinate. In the Leabhar na h-Uidhri version the human interest is subordinated to the supernatural: the love interest is hurried over, while the scene in fairyland with which the story opens, and the ending, where Mider again appears, are dwelt on in a prose which is often touched by poetic imagery. So unequal is it that one is forced to the conclusion that the central part was inserted by the compiler of the manuscript, who may, as Mr. Leahy suggests, have pieced together two romances founded on the same legend by different authors, as he undoubtedly did in the "Sick-bed of Cuchulain." It is not, indeed, improbable that he condensed the version now known as the Egerton; but the poem which describes Mider's invitation to Etain makes the Leabhar na h-Uidhri rendering of the story a valuable addition to Irish literature. Mr. Leahy might, we think, have corrected an obvious mistake in the Egerton manuscript (vol. i. p. 17 of the present collection), where "Eoch Fedlech" appears instead of Eochaid Airemm.

The second story, "Mac Datho's Boar," is from the Book of Leinster, and Mr. Leahy has inserted two verses from the Rawlinson manuscript. The third, "The Sick-bed of Cuchulain," is preserved in the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, and in a fifteenth-century manuscript in Trinity College. Mr. Leahy has translated the older version, transcribed from the lost Yellow Book of Slane by Maelmuiri mac Ceileachair in the eleventh century. It is obvious that the compiler of the Yellow Book had two very different forms of the story to draw upon, and combined them in the version transcribed into the Leabhar na h-Uidhri, with the result that we have endless repetitions, and one paragraph frequently contradicts another. Instead of selecting the better form of each incident and making a continuous whole, Mr. Leahy has translated the manuscript as it stands, and the story, as a story, is unreadable. He has, we notice, omitted the account of the election of Lugaid and the exhortation of Cuchulain to the new king: we fail to see why he did not continue his excision. The idea of giving the Leinster version of the fourth story, "The Exile of the Sons of Usnach," and following it by two snippets from the Glenn Masain manuscript of the same tale for purposes of comparison is hardly to be commended in a series which purports to consist purely of translations of particular versions of heroic romances.

In "The Combat at the Ford," an episode of the Cattle Spoil of Cualnge, Mr. Leahy is at his best. The Leabhar na h-Uidhri and Yellow Book of Lecan manuscripts betray signs of the same attempt to weld together several versions of the tale which is perceptible in the "Sick-bed of Cuchulain," and the translator has done well to select the Book

of Leinster version. The combat between Cuchulain and Ferdia at the ford was the chief incident of the foray of Queen Medb, and is perhaps the best known of the heroic romances which Mr. Leahy has collected. His reference to that part of Aubrey de Vere's "Foray of Queen Meave" which deals with Cuchulain's prowess takes us back to a delightful poem and suggests the question whether, after all, Mr. Leahy's scholarship has not been wasted. He has translated all the romances in the first book literally, and his translations will attract few beyond a limited number of Irish scholars. A free translation would have enabled him to correct many errors and conflicting statements, and the stories would have been read for their interest as stories. Fine though his rendering of the speeches of Ferdia and Cuchulain and the battle between the two friends is, he never reaches the heights of many descriptive passages in de Vere's account. There is nothing so good even as the reference to the bursting from every wound of

the life-blood of a heart athirst
For victory or for death,

or the picture of Cuchulain after the fray.

In the second volume—consisting of five of the lesser tains which were probably recited immediately before the Great Tain, the central story of the Irish Heroic age—Mr. Leahy has adopted a different course from that followed in the first. Miss Hull gives, in her "Cuchullin Saga," fourteen of these lesser tains, eleven of which are preserved: the Tain bo Aingen, Dartada, Flidais, Fraich, Munad, Regamon, Regamna, Ros, Ruanadh, Sailin, and Erc. Only five—the Tain bo Fraich, Dartada, Regamon, Flidais and Regamna—have been edited, and Mr. Leahy gives them all, re-naming them, for no apparent reason, respectively: The Tain bo Fraich, The Raid for Dartada's Cattle, The Raid for the Cattle of Regamon, the Driving of the Cattle of Flidais, and the Apparition of the Great Queen to Cuchulain. The last four are expressly named as *remscéla*, or preludes, to the story of the great war of Cualnge, and, being designed for rapid recitation, do not, thinks Mr. Leahy, lend themselves to translation into English prose. He has, therefore, rendered them in verse, giving on opposite pages the literal translation; but whilst we admit that his second plan is more pleasing than the first, it is contrary to the aim of the series, and to our thinking robs the Irish Saga Library of the value it might have possessed for scholars. It involves departures from the text as marked as:

Then they played: sweet and sad was the playing,
Twelve of Ailill's men died, as they heard;
It was Boand who foretold them that slaying,
And right well was accomplished her word;

for

They play for them then so that twelve of the people of Ailill and Medb die with weeping and sadness.

Poor though Mr. Leahy's verse introduction is, he shows himself a poet in this second volume, and he would have done well to translate all the tales as he has the *remscéla*. Our quarrel is not with his scholarship, but with his inconsistency.

THREE DORSET SAILORS

The Three Dorset Captains at Trafalgar: Thomas Masterman Hardy, Charles Bullen, Henry Digby. By A. M. BROADLEY and R. G. BARTELOT. (Murray, 15s. net.)

There were three sailors of Dorset county,
At Trafflygar they fought these three;
There was Digby of the *Africa*, and *Britannia's* Buller,
And Hardy, who commanded Nelson's *Victories*.

THUS a local bard has celebrated in deathless doggerel the memorable fact, and now two other Dorset men have combined to pay literary homage to the memory of these Dorsetshire heroes. In the British fleet on that day

there must have been many men from Dorset, but among these none more famous than Thomas Masterman Hardy, the flag-captain of the *Victory*, the well beloved of the great Admiral; Bullen, who was flag-captain to Lord Northesk; and Digby, the most fortunate of all the fortunate frigate captains of those spacious times. Of this trio, Bullen and Digby do not, indeed, fill a large place in our naval annals. Nor do their respective biographical sketches occupy more than a small but an adequate portion of this book. Both of these officers had seen plenty of service before Trafalgar, and in their ways are characteristic specimens of the naval man of the period. Bullen, whose family is as good as any in Dorset, lived to be a G.C.B., and an Admiral of the Blue in the reign of Queen Victoria. At the battle of Trafalgar he took the *Britannia* into action in his own way, engaging three of the enemy's ships, and afterwards brought home three prizes, received the king's gold medal, and as prize-money more than £3000. It is not generally known that Bullen was a skilled draughtsman, and that some of his sketches are still in existence, although all his letters seems to have disappeared. Digby was a gallant sailor, who not only exhibited his pluck on many occasions, as well as in that crowning victory, where the *Africa* played so brilliant a part, but will be remembered for ever as one of the most remarkable prize-winners of the period. In October 1799, when captain of the *Alcmene* and in company with three other frigates, he had the good fortune to capture two Spanish vessels on their way home from Vera Cruz. These vessels were carrying three million dollars, besides valuable merchandise, and the prize-money of each of the English captains amounted to more than £40,730. This was not the only good fortune that fell to the brilliant young officer, who before he was five and thirty years of age appears to have added to his bank balance many more thousand pounds. He was commander-in-chief at the Nore when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and lived for several years after that.

It is, however, with Hardy, Nelson's closest friend, the most interesting and attractive personality among those who were associated with the immortal hero in his last and greatest triumph, that this book is chiefly concerned. The entertaining story of his life as told by his own letters has become accessible through the recent discovery of those documents, and we have now for the first time a biography worthy of the man. It is strange indeed how little has hitherto been known of the life of the captain of the *Victory*, the one man among all Nelson's professional associates with whom he was most intimate. It is an interesting, a delightful story which Messrs. Broadley and Bartelot have to tell. It not only brings out most clearly the kind and manly personality of the Dorset seaman, but it throws much greatly needed light upon the social side of naval history during the first half or more of the century which has just passed. Hardy was not, indeed, a great letter-writer, but there is that in this correspondence which enables us to understand and appreciate the affectionate friendship which existed between Nelson and his captain, while it reveals Hardy's independence of character, the largeness of his heart, and the strong ties which linked him with his native county. These letters present an interesting picture of town and county society at the period in which they were written, while the value of the book and its entertaining character have been largely augmented by the topographical notes and much delightful gossip which the writers have interwoven with the biography itself.

There is very much more in the volume than the Hardy letters. From these we get an idea of the invaluable services which the captain of the *Victory* rendered to the country during a career extending over nearly sixty years, but the writers have extended their sources of information and have been able to clear up such doubtful matters as the places of his birth and baptism, and to add much that possesses an interest quite apart from the more important subject of their labours. They have discovered the "Remark book" of Richard Francis Roberts, one of

Hardy's midshipmen on board the *Victory* at the battle of Trafalgar, and they have also been able to compile a complete and accurate muster-roll of the *Victory* on October 21, 1805. Among many other curious items too, which they have unearthed, is a manuscript copy, words and music, of the song of the "Loyal volunteers of Burton Bradstock" written on a folio sheet of paper bearing the watermark 1801, which from its discovery among the papers of a midshipman of the *Victory* appears to have been a favourite with the sons of Dorset, whether they were serving the king on the land or on the ocean. The first verse and the chorus of this old-world martial song run thus:

Come my lads of courage true,
Ripe for martial glory,
See the standard waves for you,
And leads the way before ye. . . .

Lives are lent for Laws and King,
When that they may need 'em,
Let us, then, in chorus sing,
Give us death or freedom.

The volume is attractively produced, and its interest is not a little increased by the admirable portraits, pictures, and facsimiles it contains.

THE HAPPY GARDEN-STATE

The Heart of a Garden. By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.
(The De la More Press, 7s 6d. net.)

OF the many books breathing a love of flowers and the woodland not the least readable is Mrs. Marriott Watson's "Heart of a Garden." It has this commendable characteristic—the writer really does know something of flowers and their ways, and has certainly the gift of singing sweetly of even the most prosaic friends of the border and parterre. And how welcome this knowledge is in these days of trashy gardening books, when to recognise a pæony as a pæony a foot away, or a cowslip in the mead, is sufficient excuse for perpetrating execrable prose and vaunting ill-concealed ignorance! The descriptions of the seasons are faithful and happily expressed, and we are quite in accord with the writer in her opinion of the Star Narcissi now spearing through the grass:

Every succeeding spring makes the heart grow fonder of them, and every autumn one buys more. Apart from their frail and dream-like loveliness and their infinite variety—and I could not, for the life of me, say which kind I should choose if choice were narrowed down—they have other most admirable virtues. You may buy them mixed and not "to name," and still fare every jot as well as though you had searched the florist's price-list with all the diligence in the world: and, thus purchased, their price—which is decoratively speaking far above rubies—condescends with a rare graciousness to even the shallowest purse. Then, again, where the year before last you found, say, two or three starry blossoms, this year a whole constellation shines from the grateful grass. They have the charming habit, so rare in things desirable, of free and bounteous increase. My gardener, naturally, views them with approval so grudging as to neighbour closely on contempt.

But the Star Narcissi, although increasing abundantly in cool loamy meadows, are very refractory in lighter upland soils, where they condescend to flower well once, then fitfully, and in three years fade away.

We have contended for years that the great flower of the early summer is the tulip, which opens its chalice of crimson and gold to the sun when the last of the Star Narcissi have gleamed in mead and orchard, and rejoice that they are the pride of the author's heart. It is to be hoped that the indifference of the average gardener to their wonderful beauty of form and colour will give place to a greater appreciation of their worth in linking late spring with early summer. As the author points out:

It is but rarely that one finds them in the average garden; and yet one would think that their tall and graceful stature, their infinite and rare variety of hue, together with their genius for multiplying, should combine to give the entire May-flowering group a large and ibera space in the flower-grower's affection and borders to boot.

Scattered throughout the pages are many pretty verses and the following are very happy lines :

Poised on the summit of the deodar
A song-thrush sings, this mid-winter day ;
Sings of the Spring, although the Spring is far
And far away.

So, too, are these :

You may remember how the skies were dim
And all the air was full of floating shadows,
Tall pine-trees stood upon the broad hill's rim
And deep woods loomed beyond the water-meadows.

The book shows most careful preparation for press. Technical words have been naturally avoided as much as possible, but where they are used the spelling is commendably accurate. A little slip occurs on p. 110, where the name of the Pear Beurre Bosc appears as Bosc. Unfortunately, we have not the same good opinion of the illustrations as of the text. They add nothing to the charm of the volume and are for the most part quite commonplace, especially "Sun and Shade" facing p. 106, and a "Bed of Tulips" facing p. 41. The author has dedicated the book to Lady Northcliffe in a prettily conceived fancy. We hope "The Heart of the Garden" will be read and re-read not only by the lover of garden literature, but for the very practical thoughts and suggestions it contains.

SYMPATHY AND ANTIPATHY

The Letters of Warren Hastings to His Wife. Introduced and annotated by SYDNEY C. GRIER. (Blackwood, 15s. net.)

Too much sympathy is bad for a man when he is alive and for his memory when he is dead; but to a hero-worshipper (and if ever there was one it is "Sydney C. Grier") this fact has no significance. All will agree that charges of corruption have been brought by no more incongruous trio than Burke, Fox and Sheridan, but it will not be so readily conceded that Macaulay was "in reality defending Burke" when he attacked Hastings. A "journalist in a hurry" is, after all, on a higher plane than a ruined gambler like Fox: his libel was not so gross as that on British officers from the pen of Burke in the Annual Register: at any rate, he acted up to his doctrines, and did not, like Sheridan, cajole his washerwoman into lending him a guinea while he raved in golden eloquence about the spoliation of Indian princesses. Even antipathy, the suppression of facts, the magnifying of petty incidents, and the other offences of Macaulay are excusable when his *doctrinaire* standpoint is understood. Sydney C. Grier is on the other side. Her introduction and notes, a mine of information, help to make out a good case for her hero, and she takes care that there shall be no reverse to the picture which she paints.

The letters themselves were written in 1780, 1781, 1784-85, and it may as well be said at once that they are for the most part wonderfully dull. In stilted phraseology, full of detail which has no interest at the present time, and of moralising which can never have had any, the letters show Hastings to have been a loving husband and an indifferent writer. Macaulay thought that they were tender but a little too ceremonious, and suggests that they remind one of Sir Charles Grandison bowing over Miss Byron's hand in the cedar parlour; but he owned that they were very characteristic. It would be easy to find letters more illustrative of a man's character than these, but in this case the letters do light up the character of a strange man in giving evidence of the tenacity with which he carried on the curious and protracted love-affair which ended only with his long life. The tenacity displayed in that love-affair was shown also in all that Hastings did; when a bold dreamer has a determined will and a superhuman power of organisation the result of his labours is sure to be remarkable. Then arises the question of the means justifying the ends in national, if not in per-

sonal morals. Our author does well to avoid so thorny a question, for, woman like, she shows more than once how illogical she can be. Macaulay thought Hastings fairly entitled to the benefit of the distinction between crimes which originate in an inordinate zeal for the commonwealth and crimes which originate in selfish cupidity; but the acquittal of Hastings does not settle the question of morals, as must have been felt by those who accepted the benefits but disliked the ways of his "too masterly activity." Sydney C. Grier, in her wrath with the offending Macaulay, would like to forget that Hastings achieved success by methods not always within the letter of the law. His action towards Cheyt Singh shows that his idea of the British rule in India was not the same as that recently expounded by Lord Curzon in his farewell speech. Hastings did not recognise that an English Government in Asia cannot be administered on the Asiatic system. To say so much is by no means to agree with the great quartette of accusers, as the editor of this book appears to think. The most unprejudiced of biographers of Hastings says that he "was undoubtedly cast in the type, so constantly recurrent in political history, of the sons of Zeruah, and he very nearly earned their historical reward." Macaulay wrote that his principles were somewhat lax, deficient in the two great elements of all social virtue—respect for the rights of others and sympathy for the sufferings of others, but then Macaulay considered that Gladstone's "The State in its relations with the Church" would be a "capital shrove-tide cock to throw at," and dearly loved to abuse a bad book like the Army Chaplain's life of Hastings. There is a wide gap between Macaulay's estimate of Hastings and Sir Alfred Lyall's, but we doubt whether it is so great as the difference between the latter's measured judgment and the adulation bestowed upon her hero, as well by what she has published as by what she has left unsaid, by Sydney C. Grier.

THE WARFARE OF SCIENCE

THE long-protracted strife between the legions of Science, Philosophy and Religion shows no sign of abatement: though one at least of the contending factions is fighting with obsolete weapons and under generals who lack the training necessary to ensure even a moderate hope of final victory, even though, from time to time, succour is brought by recruits from the opposing forces.

The warfare to-day, as in the past, is largely kept alive by border raids. After every swoop the marauders return convinced that they have discovered the dispositions and weak places of the enemy, wherein breaches may be made in future.

Nor is there complete harmony within the different camps. Among the scientific combatants, for example, bickerings not seldom arise between those who fight under the banner of biology, and those who bear arms under the banners of physics and chemistry, though all three at times may join in common cause against the remaining factions.

Some years ago Professor Haeckel, a warrior of great and deserved renown in the biological camp, made, single-handed, bold sallies into the domains of the philosophers on the one side, and the religionists on the other, and returning in triumph, and much pleased with his exploits, wrote a book thereon—at the wisdom thereof many cavil. Hard words have followed him from the camp of the faithful because he sought to restore in their midst a temple which they had condemned as being unsafe, while from among his own people he has earned censure on account of his love of the ornamental and his wanderings from home, whereby he has caused himself to fall behind the times, offering us for new the things of yesterday. The latest of his assailants is a David from the ranks of the physicists, who steps forth to champion the cause of the faithful and the philosophers. He is by way of being something of both himself, but a physicist first.

This champion is Professor Sir Oliver Lodge, who enters the tilt-yard, not in his own armour, and with borrowed weapons. He commences his onslaught by crossing the frontier into the territory of the philosophers, and with the assumed air of a native thereof proceeds to harangue those of the scientific camp in general and the biological legions in particular. Those who will may read his speech at length ("Life and Matter," Williams and Norgate, 2s. 6d. net), but herewith we give a summary of his contentions.

He is good enough to admit that it is permissible for a man of science occasionally to look over into the philosophic region and survey the territory on that side also—"so far as his means permit." "And if philosophers object to this procedure it must be because they have found by experience that men of science who have once transcended or transgressed the boundary are apt to lose all sense of reasonable constraint, and to disport themselves as if they had at length escaped into a region free from scientific trammels—a region where confident assertions might be freely made, where speculative hypothesis might rank as theory, and where verification was both unnecessary and impossible."

He then proceeds to name Professor Haeckel as "the most striking instance of a scientific man who on entering philosophic territory has exhibited signs of exhilaration and emancipation." The accusing witness is, of course, Professor Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe." This work is of so dangerous a character in Sir Oliver's opinion that he has gone to the trouble of providing an antidote.

With such a task we confess we have some sympathy. There is a blatancy about the "Riddle" that is irritating, a one-sidedness that is misleading; while the tone of the argument against Christianity is offensive. That the attitude of the theologians towards Science has in the past been one of ignorant prejudice and intolerance is only too painfully evident, and, though by force of circumstances the spirit of intolerance is now less obvious, a covert hostility is no less traceable; while on occasions a note of authority is sounded for which no warranty can be found. Yet this can be no excuse for criticism and comment such as that levelled by Professor Haeckel. The man of Science, it seems to us, may deem honour satisfied and his duty to the thinking public done, if he carries the war into the enemy's country no further than is sufficient to demolish the arguments directly intended to harass him. Meanwhile the theologian might be better employed than in endeavouring to fight the scientists with weapons which, so far, he has shown but little ability to wield.

We should have felt more sympathy with Sir Oliver Lodge in his task if he had been a little less patronising, a little less arrogant, and a little less wild in his own speculations. In offering his book as an antidote he has, to our thinking, only substituted another and more subtle form of mental poison; inasmuch as, though he has not, in so many words, bidden his readers to seek a key to the mysteries of life and what may be beyond, through the divinations of the witch of Endor, he has come somewhere very near to this, as we shall show presently.

The author's knowledge of biology is superficial, notoriously so, and his views on the question of vitalism are not those which find currency among biologists, though they are by no means so universally wedded to the physico-chemical theory of the origin of life as he would seem to suppose.

The use of the word "life" in this book cannot be too strongly condemned. For him "the narrowest of its legitimate meanings" is "limited to certain metabolic processes in protoplasm." For these processes he would substitute the term "vitality," while "life" is to denominate something apart from matter. "It is neither matter nor energy, nor even a function of matter or of energy, but is something belonging to a different category." He conceives it possible that "life has an existence apart from its material manifestations as we know them at present." And these vague guesses he supports by fanciful illustrations.

The countenance which the author has given to the so-

called phenomena of spiritualism is notorious; and in this book his tender regard for these very shady shades is manifest in more places than one. Thus he asserts: "I would not too blatantly [we like the qualification "too blatantly"] assert that even a doll on which much affection had been lavished was wholly inert and immaterial in the inorganic sense."

I have reason [he continues] to believe that a trace of individuality can cling about terrestrial objects in a vague and almost imperceptible fashion, but to a degree sufficient to enable these traces to be detected by persons with suitable faculties. . . . There are grades of incarnation. Some of the personality of an Old Master is locked up in a painting: and whoever wilfully destroys a great picture is guilty of something akin to murder, namely, the premature and violent separation of soul and body [!]

With such stuff as this Sir Oliver Lodge hopes to counteract the materialism of Professor Haeckel!

In places Sir Oliver Lodge puzzles us: as when he speaks of portions of Haeckel's book which "are unhappily accompanied by over-confident negatives and supercilious denials of *facts* [italics ours] at present outside the range of orthodox science." Surely to contend that any *facts* are outside the range of Science—orthodox or otherwise—is to put Science in a strait-jacket. This attitude is rather hard on Haeckel. Sir Oliver would have him warned off the philosophical territory, and then proceeds to hamper him further in what he seems to regard as his legitimate rôle as a man of Science, by declaring certain of his counters to belong to another system of coinage. He tells us in one breath that the man of Science should confine himself to facts, and then proceeds to qualify this by fencing off some facts as beyond his sphere.

But Professor Haeckel has at least one champion! For some time past he has been disturbing our quiet with the cry: "Haeckel is great, and Mr. McCabe is his prophet!" He hastens forward, filled with consternation, to warn all whom it may concern against Sir Oliver Lodge's antidote, offering as a talisman a little work labelled "The Origin of Life" (Watts and Co., 6d.), which contains a defence of Haeckel and all his works.

In controversy Mr. McCabe shows some skill, but his knowledge of biology is evidently derived entirely at second-hand, and from his master, Haeckel, for whom he evinces a quite hysterical devotion. Thus, then, though he discusses the origin of life and many other biological problems, it is not surprising that his speculations are crude and of no value. He is a little "previous" in his reference to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer as "unfortunately since dead," and he is also aggressively dogmatic. "The first living things," he tells us, "were, of course [italics ours], of a purely vegetal character." Yet we find Dr. Ray Lankester making exactly the opposite statement, though less dogmatically.

We cannot feel that Mr. McCabe has either greatly helped the one or materially injured the other of the two scientists who form the subject of his book.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

IN THE VAL D'ARNO

A RHYTHM of song is in the breeze;
Out comes the Moon, and at her side,
Upon a shadowy floor and wide
I watch the dancing of the trees:
Slowly they move, all hand in hand,
Young maples, virgin mulberries;
The shadows flow about their knees
Obedient to the song's command:
Were ever dancers fair as these
Under the moonlight, garlanded
From hill to hill together, led
By the dim music of the breeze?

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE ENDINGS OF POEMS

SOMETIMES on a rainy day in the country it has been an amusement to me, when imprisoned in the library, to consider the endings of the most familiar poems and compare one with another. One result of this has been to show that a great man, like a woman, seldom knows when to stop, and it is curious that the most artistic of poets are no better than the rest. Even Tennyson erred in the way of carelessness and of going on after he ought to have finished. An apt illustration of this will be found in the poem addressed to Edward FitzGerald. It will be remembered that "old Fitz" died before receiving it, and Tennyson adds a postscript beginning with those beautiful lines, the first of which is an echo of the last line of "Tiresias," the original poem sent to FitzGerald with the letter in rhyme:

"One beight and one far-shining fire"
And while I fancied that my friend
For this brief idyll would require
A less diffuse and opulent end,
And would defend his judgment well,
If I should deem it over nice—
The tolling of his funeral bell
Broke on my Pagan Paradise,
And mixt the dream of classic times
And all the phantoms of the dream,
With present grief, and made the rhymes,
That miss'd his living welcome, seem
Like would-be guests an hour too late,
Who down the highway moving on
With easy laughter find the gate
Is bolted, and the master gone.

What an exquisite ending this would have been had the poet made up his mind to stop there; but, alas! tempted by some desultory demon he goes on with a considerable number of lines which never rise above mediocrity, and the fine simile which we have quoted lies buried among sand. Nor was this an exceptional case. Even in the greatest of all his idylls, "The Passing of Arthur," he does not know when to stop, though he is more successful in "Guinevere," which closes with that memorable line:

To where beyond these voices there is peace.

Often, however, his endings were pure bathos, as in "Enoch Arden."

In this disregard of the finish he somewhat resembles his predecessor in the laureateship. The end of "Peter Bell" is told in these lines:

And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

The close of "Ruth" is not much happier:

And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

But William Wordsworth, who strewed his purple patches without method, just as they came into his mind, has one of his most beautiful passages in the end of "The Sparrow's Nest":

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.

Probably the greatest artist among poets of any time or age was John Milton, and in him too we find astonishing examples alike of beauty and of what one can scarcely call other than carelessness. "Paradise Lost" ends with a simple majesty well worthy of the great text that had gone before:

They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

But the end of "Paradise Regained" might have come from Wordsworth at his least inspired moment.

He, unobserve
Home to his mother's house private returned.

The end of "Lycidas" has always struck me as possessing the most beautiful unexpectedness of any ending in literature. After all the mourning and sorrow of that immortal lament the poet at the end seems to say: "Let that now be in the past. It is an act written and finished. Having given vent to grief, let us shut down the door on it"; and thus he ends with the well-worn quotation:

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Many of the most familiar lines in Milton come as the end and climax of the poem. Thus,

They also serve who only stand and wait

is the last line of the famous sonnet on his blindness. It has been said, however, that no great credit is due to a poet for rising to his best at the end of a sonnet, because that belongs to the very scheme of this kind of composition. We have an illustration of that in Wordsworth, where on Westminster Bridge on a summer morning he says:

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Some poets have deliberately attempted to finish on a strong and resonant note, often a sonorous proper name. The end of Keats's sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer" will be thought of at once in this connection:

—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

But of course the most striking ending produced by Keats was one that he never intended. As George Gilfillan wrote, "Shrieking celestial the fair youth died" and few passages have produced more poetry than that ending rendered pathetic by the circumstances with which it is associated:

At length
Apollo shriek'd; and lo! from all his limbs
Celestial

Perhaps the most noteworthy example of the fascination of a name is to be found in Yarrow. On looking over a book in which are collected poems written about this famous stream, it seems to me that no poet can verify about Yarrow without introducing the name into his last line. There is of course a good example of this in the old ballad:

A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropp'd on Yarrow.

But, speaking of ballads, I like that ending which seems to have done duty for all those that had a tragical intent.

The tane was buried in Marie's kirk,
The tother in Marie's quair;
And out o' the tane there sprang a birk,
And out o' the tother a brier.

And thae twa met, and thae twa plat,
The birk but and the brier;
And by that ye may very weel ken
They were twa lovers dear.

But the ballad often has a stern and grim ending like those relentless lines from Sir Patrick Spens:

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Among modern poets I think Browning perpetrated more weak endings than any one else, though I forbear comment on such well-known lines as:

Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?

But even in his best poems he staggers home with a limp, as if distressed by the lingual acrobatics that he had performed on the way, and in this he betrayed his kinship with the minor poet.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be "The Song of the Siren," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

The Gambler. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

OWING to the striking but yet uncertain character of her previous stories the announcement of a new book by Mrs. Thurston arouses more than ordinary expectation and curiosity. "John Chilcote" had a vogue to which the whole world of novel readers contributed, yet many of them felt uneasily, as they turned its pages, that they could not fully justify, nor even understand, the interest with which they followed that extraordinary story. "The Circle" had much of the same character, but with far less magic than the other book, and with more to confuse the reader's idea of the writer's capability as a novelist. Both stories were out of the way of real life. What Mrs. Thurston might be able to make of the more common and more proper material of the novel writer's art remained unknown: the announcement of a new story was a promise of an attempt in that direction. "The Gambler" appears, and the promise is fulfilled beyond our expectations. Though this story cannot be awarded the full compliment of "modernity" it is of the world as we have known and do know it. It is well worked out upon consistent lines, always in full tide of movement and emotion. It is a story of heredity, of the life of an Irish girl who for all her consciousness and even her passionate reprobation of the faults and failings which have ruined successive generations of her family, is herself drawn into them, and narrowly misses the common fate. As no Asshlin ever put off a debt of honour, Clodagh marries her father's oldest friend, older than herself by a generation, in requital of his generosity, with the usual results of such a marriage. After a few years of seclusion spent with the dull, good Milbanke, whose love for her is hardly more fervent than his devotion to archaeology, Clodagh finds her way into a smart set whose ways of life are celebrated in the journals of to-day. Little by little they draw out the vices of gambling latent in her blood, and under their influence she drifts on from folly to folly—impulsive, incautious but always innocent. She goes far; yet has character enough to save her from absolute destruction. Clodagh's admirers and lovers include an old Lord Deerehurst, a *roué* of a type that flourished in the novels of a past time, but is now almost extinct; his nephew, a vicious decadent who devotes his energies to the eternal search after pleasure; and a distinctly conventional Sir Galahad, in Sir Walter Gore. The early chapters, descriptive of Clodagh's old home in Ireland, are by far the most praiseworthy part of the book; nowhere else does Mrs. Thurston show so much originality, or such firm and vivid powers of description. Every page brings out more clearly the fallen grandeur of the Asshlins, their hospitality, their pride, and we do not often meet a more impressive picture than the fifteen-year-old Clodagh and her sister Nance, the children of a father who, like too many of his race, is dissipated, a gambler, a spendthrift, with none but the most conventional ideas of right and wrong, yet dominating those around him by the half-barbaric superiority of the natural aristocrat. Elsewhere, as we have said, there is no originality of either observation or thought. The author throws herself too ardently into the thick of the fight to judge the relative importance of scenes and incidents. But the story is told with warm sympathy and with much insight into motive and character. From first to last we are borne along upon a swift stream of words persuasive or emphatic which is always attractive, though it often runs into an excess of purposeless detail.

The Drakestone. By OLIVER ONIONS. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IN the far beginnings of this tale of a feud and at the root of it all lay the "Intake." In a bygone century a Drake had hardly reclaimed a breadth of barren Yorkshire moorland. Rush and bog and gorse and heather he had fought and prevailed against, and generations of Drakes

had lived and flourished in the sturdy house of Blackboys which he had builded him ere he was buried upright in the earth he had conquered. But at last one Martha Drake had left Blackboys and the Blackboys' lands to a Yewdale, who had promptly entailed it. Over the business there lingered in the eighteen-twenties a legend of a blue-bottle set buzzing in a dead woman's mouth and of a dead hand guided to scrawl a last will and testament. Be that as it might, the Yewdales had become the lords of the manors of Undercliffe and Hebden and Turle, while the Drakes had sunk to a race of shepherds and hirelings. None the less they were a watchful, tenacious breed, saying little but biding their time against the supplanting family—men who lacked stamina and stability and always died, as if under a curse, at forty, but always left a heir to the Hall, though they had well nigh forgotten the feud. When the tale opens they are represented by a shy, vague, delicate, star-gazing dreamer, an absentee and a widower with an only son, a lovable impressionable boy, on whose account (in order that he may live an outdoor life) he comes to live at Blackboys. He is unaware of an enemy in the world, least of all that a grim old religionist among his shepherds (who except for his young grandson, who tells the tale, is the only surviving Drake) has bent his whole life to the winning of power and opportunity to recover possession. The main point of attack, since Yewdale's own days appear to be numbered, is young Master Walter—gallant despite his delicacy—who after winning a horse-race becomes the spoilt darling of the district; and the subtle way in which the old schemer first removes the obstacle to courses likely to prove dangerous and then edges him towards a repentance involving a breaking of the entail, reflects as much credit upon the author's powers of conception and execution as discredit upon Pongo Drake's dour "religion." The legal rights and wrongs of it all are a little vague in the hands of young John Drake (the most honest of honest Johns), and perhaps Mr. Onions occasionally allows a little too much rope to this somewhat prosaic romancist. We do not quite understand the passivity of his resistance to the schemes which result in his occupying his friend Walter's position. But at any rate a very dainty Yewdale shares it with him. Mr. Onions's canvas is crowded with well-drawn characters and the whole presents a particularly lively and clever study of Yorkshire life and manners eighty years ago.

The Lapse of Vivien Eady. By CHARLES MARRIOTT. (Nash, 6s.)

THE reader will come away from this story with a sense of having been in Cornwall, and with a strong desire to go there again as soon as possible. No picture could give a more vivid impression of the Cornish sea-coast between Penzance and the Land's End, and no picture could tell you all that Mr. Marriott does about the Cornish people, the people who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth from their remote villages, and who entertain in the narrow streets of their coast towns men of all the nations who go down to the sea in ships. He takes you with him to breathe the mild air of a Cornish winter morning, scented by gorse and sea, gay in sunshine. You look at the little sailing-boats, like "brown butterflies" on the water; the larks are singing, and you walk in gardens where roses blow from January to June. In this delectable corner of our country Mr. Marriott places his characters, following their fortunes with a restraint and strength that harmonise with the sober beauty of his landscape. One of his "heroes" says, when he is gardening: "Can you do it easily? If anything you do is an awful bother, it is nearly certain that you are going the wrong way about it," and with this opinion Mr. Stott's creator seems to agree. But it is impossible to believe that a novel so finely held in check, so well proportioned, so sincere in all its tones, was written "easily." If it had been, Mr. Stott and Mrs. Fleming would have talked and talked in their great scene towards the end. The man hardly says a word; at the most critical moment he does not

speak at all, but the emotion conveyed is as tense and strong as an actual experience. That is true art, and nothing will convince us that it is "easy."

The Scholar's Daughter. By BEATRICE HARRADEN. (Methuen, 6s.)

WE venture to think that this story would do better as a light play than as a novel. The humour in it would tell better over the footlights, and three good comedians might get good laughs out of the characters of the professor's three secretaries. We cannot help agreeing with the professor's wife, that she was quite unsuited to be the help-meet of such a learned and dry-as-dust man, although in the days when she shared his life we presume he was less forbidding. Miss Harraden leaves us in doubt at the end as to what happens to the ill-matched pair who are so strangely brought together again, but we hope for the sake of both that they do not take up their old life, even in that beautiful old house with the wonderful oak panelling in the study. She, being a successful actress, could never leave her profession: he could never leave his books and live her life. The scholar's daughter is a charming girl, fresh and delightful, and the book has a great deal of fun in it; but it lacks conviction. Miss Harraden can do better work than this, and stronger. Professor Grant's secretaries, by the way, may set their minds at rest on the derivation of "Aroynt" by turning to the ACADEMY of December 30 last, in which Professor Skeat settled it.

The Lady Noggs, Peeress. By EDGAR JEPSON. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. JEPSON'S latest book, "The Lady Noggs, Peeress", is a piece of excellent fooling. True, the author may not have even a bowing acquaintance with the circle of society in which it has pleased him to make his characters move—the title by itself justifies this surmise—but these stories are amusing. They depict doings of delightful children with considerable insight into their ways of thought and make-believe, and whether it be Noggs's open admiration for the sailor's stentorian rendering of a song as the hansom drove up Fleet Street, or the refusal of all three imps to take "Tiger Jake" in any way seriously at his niece's wedding, which so enrages him that he perpetrates the exact atrocity on his hat that they had been eager to see, it can hardly fail to provoke many a laugh and a wish to have assisted at some of these dramatic occurrences. Only one thing is disquieting: Are there many "frail and fair children," of an age to believe in kidnapping and ransoming here in England, careering about our country lanes in sole charge of a motor-car? We trust not.

The Ambush of Young Days. By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS book is quite out of the ordinary run of novels. It is clever, and worth reading for certain good points; but the story itself is not pleasant. From the first page to the last the reader is shut in, as it were, in Mrs. Hanrahan's squalid "Select Private Temperance Hotel," somewhere in a back street in an Irish town, where the atmosphere actually and morally is stuffy and oppressive. There are incidents and confessions that call for the highest discretion in their treatment, and we hasten to add that they might have been far more disagreeable in less capable hands. Readers who find Ireland's talk on love and innocence unnatural and hysterical, can turn from it to the real strength of the book, which lies in the portraits of Mrs. Hanrahan, Miss O'Shaughnessy, and the boy Jamsie: Mrs. Hanrahan, with her typical Celtic mind, handsome, seductive, "one of them big red flowers that the bees of temptation settles on," with the wonderful flow of speech that never fails to delight the ear with its variety and richness; Miss O'Shaughnessy, the little dressmaker, content with her hard lot and the company of the Enchanted Cat, full of tact and understanding of human nature;

Jamsie, doomed to an early death, with a fierce animal desire to live, know, and experience all that a long life might give him. Myrtle, Mrs. Hanrahan's daughter, half-child, half-woman, is the only figure of no importance, vague and shadowy, useful only as an object for experiments in emotions. That Miss Langbridge is observant and has the courage of her opinions is evident; that she can also portray character with unusual freedom and boldness none can doubt who read this curious story, "The Ambush of Young Days."

THE DRAMA

"LE DETOUR" AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

THOSE who do not consider that Mme. Simone le Bary can act will not, of course, go to the New Royalty Theatre this week. By staying away they will deprive themselves of a great artistic treat. For Mme. le Bary is an actress whose playing is a delight to watch, for the very reason that she does not act. So natural is she, indeed, that some of her gestures by a paradox appear theatrical, because they are so seldom seen on the stage.

In *Le Detour*, moreover, Mme. le Bary has a part which she is eminently qualified to play. The piece is not a great work of art; it has neither the virility nor the truth to life of *La Rafale*, and the atmosphere of the play is rather German than French. Jacqueline, the heroine, without being actually neurotic, is highly strung. Her father was killed in an accident a few months before she was born, and before he had been legally married to her mother. The knowledge of this blot upon the family history is not viewed morbidly by Jacqueline, though she holds it to bar her from marriage. Her scruples are overcome by Armande Rousseau, a young provincial, of Protestant family. They are married and go to live with Armande's parents, highly estimable and by no means unbearable people; but their view of life and would-be kindness to her are so antagonistic to Jacqueline that she is soon in open rebellion and flies from the house. Her husband rejoins her and for a short time they live away from the parental roof. At last, however, Armande insists on a return to it; he refuses to permit Jacqueline any further communication with her mother, and is generally violent as only a French husband in a French play can be. Then there reappears upon the scene an old friend of Jacqueline's, Cyril, who had formerly been refused because he was poor, but who has subsequently inherited a small portion of the estate of a rich cousin. Cyril counsels flight, and Jacqueline, at the end of her resources, consents. She sits down to write a note to her husband, but can only write the word "Armande." She pulls off her wedding-ring and places it on the sheet of paper, *et c'est la fin*.

Here, again, we have one of those curiously inconclusive endings which are so characteristic of a certain school of French playwrights to-day, and which are, if we only knew it, the truest reflection of real life. There are always jagged edges and unfinished strands to our little comedies and tragedies, and we cannot get the great play of life to finish off sharp and short.

Of the acting of *Le Detour* it would be impossible to speak too highly. As Cyril, M. Pierre Magnier was courtly, polished and persuasive to the highest degree, and it is not paying Mlle. Feriel too high a compliment to say that her acting in the part of the mother was equal to that of Miss Marion Terry in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The smaller parts were admirably filled, and it is by comparing such performances with the acting in the minor rôles at our own theatres that we get some idea of the crudeness and the inability to delineate character which mark the English actor of the second rank.

FINE ART

CANOSSA

I WISH that the Rokeby Velasquez now firmly secured for the British nation could have been allowed to remain in Bond Street for a short while; not to tantalise the foreign countries so eagerly competing for its acquisition nor to emphasise the patriotism of its former owners, but as a contrast to "Some Examples of the Independent art of to-day." Perhaps not as a contrast even, but as a complement. I do not mean to place all the pictures on the same level with the *Venus*, though with some I should prefer to live; yet the juxtaposition would have asserted the tradition of the younger painters and the modernity of the older master. "We are all going to—Agnew's, and Velasquez will be of the company," or something like Gainsborough's dying words would have occurred sooner or later. I am persuaded that we look at the ancient pictures with frosted magnifying glasses, and stare at the younger men from the wrong end of the binoculars. It was ever thus; it always will be so. Most of us suspect our contemporaries; Whigs in art, we are fearful of the future, as Morris says somewhere. And they—*les jeunes féroces*—are impatient of their immediate predecessors. *Nos pères ont toujours tort*, but grandpapa is sometimes quite picturesque; his waistcoat and odd buttons suit us very well. "Your Raphael is not even divine," said Velasquez when he left Rome and that wonderful p.p.c. card on the Doria. "Your Academicians are not even academic," some of the painters and their champions are saying to-day. In the ship which sailed with Professor Holmes to Dornach in search of those wonderful Blue Hills, Constable was at the prow (in the foreground) and Watts at the helm (in the background). Mr. D. S. MacColl in his beautiful little water-colour took Cotman as a point of departure; Mr. Rich, Peter de Wint, not Mrs. Allingham or William Hunt. In the lovely *Lost Path*, with its wind and sun, Mr. Tonks has found some footsteps of Claude Monet, not those of Marcus Stone. *Litera scripta monet*, or is it Manet? my Latin is a little shaky. I do not suggest that these fascinating pictures are unoriginal, but they are derivative, as Velasquez is a derivative of Caravaggio.

I find, moreover, the epithet "independent," to qualify an entertaining and significant exhibition, misleading. For many of the items here can only be so classified in the sense that they are independent of Messrs. Agnew and the Royal Academy. Mr. Tonks and Professor Brown are official instructors at the Slade School in London; Mr. C. J. Holmes is Slade Professor at Oxford; Mr. Gerald Choune is or was a professor at Liverpool. Mr. Fry is now an official at New York, and the majority of the painters belong to two distinctive and *dependent* groups, the Glasgow School and the New English Art Club. Intense individualism is not incompatible with militant collectivism. The only independent artists, if you except Mr. Nicholson, are Mr. C. H. Shannon and Mr. Charles Ricketts, who have always stood apart, being neither for the Royal Academy nor its enemies, and their choice is in their pictures. *The Betrayal* of Mr. Ricketts (there is a curious symbolism for me in the title) is a sophisticated painting with which you could compare none of the other works in the room. I can hardly imagine an embarrassed purchaser, who had suffered a sea change and wanted to buy something rich and strange, hesitating between this work and, say, *Grandmother's Stocking*, by Mr. T. Austin Brown. There would be no trembling of the balances as in the case of Mr. C. H. Shannon, Mr. Steer and Mr. Conder, all of whom contribute two splendid examples of their art. To use a terrible American expression, Mr. Ricketts's work is the *brainiest* of the fifty-two pictures. I suppose it will appear pedantic to some people, with its echoes of Daumier, Delacroix, and the painter's painters by excellence, for Mr. Ricketts himself is a connoisseur's painter, appealing to many who have little appreciation of or interest in modern art. *The Betrayal* is a scholar's

daringly original essay, on whose author you would confer not R.A., but a University degree, D.D., D.C.L., or D.S.M. Having been rallied for my comparison of Mr. Shannon with Titian, I hesitate to express the coldest admiration for the *Mill and Tibullus in the House of Delia*, a composition which the artist has used before in one of his beautiful lithographs. But at least I can mention Rossetti, who, English and more familiar, has haunted many of the painters to-day for good and for evil. In the rich accessories and what Ruskin called "cramming the canvas" Mr. Shannon has much, not in common, but in rarity with the elder master, who was far the greatest English artist (I do not say painter) in the last half of the last century.

At the final spring exhibition of the old Grosvenor Gallery (where the Scotch were first seen in London), in adaptation of an old proverb, it became a sort of tradition north of the Tweed "that those who live in Glasgow must not imitate Burne-Jones." The distinguished paulo-post-Raphaelite, it will be remembered, had withdrawn his support from Sir Coutts Lindsay, who sought oblivion in the northern Thebes. The two painters I remember best were Messrs. Henry and Hornel. What has become of the *Druids* and *Among the Wild Hyacinths*? They were promises for which I have been waiting the fulfilment. Since a picture of *Shepherds*, shown at the New English during a brief *entente cordiale* between the two schools, I have heard nothing—I have seen nothing—to equal those early works. Mr. Henry's picture, now shown by Messrs. Agnew and appositely called *The Locket*, is the only item in which, as a rival dealer, I was not pleasurably disappointed. For Mr. Croal Thompson has obviously selected with tact and knowledge the best examples of each artist, and, moreover, the general effect of the exhibition (I sorrowfully admit) is particularly pleasing and stimulating, though I resent Mr. Walter Sickert being put on the staircase as if to break things gently to some of the older clients.

I feel it difficult to write of the other painters for whom I have acted as showman so long. I confess that when I heard they were going to Bond Street my pangs were akin to those of the owner of a small country circus on learning that his troupe of performing dogs has been engaged by Mr. Imre Kiralfy of the Hippodrome. A quondam dealer in ultramontanes, I become an Othello of the trade. Truly Mr. Augustus John, that Ravachol of painting, is absent. Superb anarchist, he has been the Achilles *dans le mouvement* and in painting Patroclus on the tent, or Cassandra *en plein air*, I dare not accuse him of fidelity to myself, for I would gladly have supplied Messrs. Agnew with some bombs warranted not to explode during the exhibition. Mr. William Orpen (future President of the Academy) is, however, adequately represented. And in their grander quarters (I grieve to say) he and the others look better than ever, though I would have chosen another background, the old green of Ryder and Bury Street. Yes, they all go through their hoops gracefully. With one exception I have never seen finer Wilson Steers; the *Sunset* might well be hung beside the new Turners; where the gulf between ancient and modern art would be almost imperceptible. The *Aliens* of Mr. Rothenstein in the cosmopolitan society of a public picture-gallery would hardly appear foreigners because they belong to a country where the inhabitants are racy of every one else's soil. When time has given an added dignity (if that were possible) to this magnificent work, I can realise how our descendants will laugh at our lachrymose observations on the decadence of art. For mere painting this is the picture of all others to study, not so much as a striking example of an artist, but as a type of the art so misunderstood and neglected. The background against which the stately Hebrew figures are silhouetted is in itself a liberal education for the aged and those who ask their friends what these modern fellows mean.

Among dealers, the ancient firm of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, of which Thackeray writes, is the *doyen*. That of Messrs. Agnew is the *douane*. Here it is that the official

seal must be set before modern paintings can pass onwards to the Midlands and the middle classes. You must all become Agnewstics in art before the public will believe in you. Well, I felicitate the august officials on removing a tariff of prejudice; I felicitate the young artists who, released from the bondage of the Egyptian Hall, can now enjoy the lighter air, the larger day, the pasturage and the patronage of Palestine. I compliment the fearless collectors such as Mr. C. K. Butler, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Daniel, His Honour Judge Evans, the Leylands and the Leathearts of a latter day for ignoring contemporary ridicule and anticipating, not the verdict of passing fashion but of posterity. As the servant spoke well of his master while wearing his clothes which were far too big for him, let me congratulate the Chrysostom of critics, the Origen who has scourged our heresies, Mr. D. S. MacColl; because the Greeks have entered Troy or the barbarians the senate-house. *Dissolve frigus ligna super foco large reponens*, and let us mix our metaphors. What has been Mr. MacColl's Waterloo is a Canossa for Messrs. Agnew.

ROBERT ROSS.

MUSIC

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF MUSIC—III

THE problems with which Sir Hubert Parry deals in "The Music of the Seventeenth Century" are very different from those with which Professor Wooldridge grappled successfully in the first volume. There is just this much analogy between the music of the seventeenth and the thirteenth centuries, that each laid the foundations of a phase of art so entirely new as to bear but the faintest resemblance to what had gone before; but there the likeness ceases. The thirteenth century dealt with problems of one kind only, directed towards the achievement of one form of art—the combination of voices and vocal melodies so as to be at once consonant and independent; but by the seventeenth century, instruments of all sorts, organs, viols, lutes, and virginals, had arrived at such maturity as to demand special treatment, both individually and in various combinations. Consequently we have a number of different schools of composition, differing not only with the special characteristics of their members, as induced by nationality and other special circumstances, but dealing with a totally different material; such as the English School of lutenists, the German school of organists, and a little later the Italian violinists. Such a complex situation could only be successfully elucidated by one of two methods, the rigorous application of a system of division, which should present the whole period in a more or less tabulated form, or the establishment in the mind of the reader of a unity of purpose underlying the wide divergences of procedure. It is needless to say that the latter is Sir Hubert Parry's method. He cares little for formal arrangement—too little, perhaps, for the ease of the general reader—but he drives home with all the force of his own strong insight what was the real trend of this new musical chaos, which followed immediately on the death of Palestrina. Sometimes he puzzles the reader unlearned in musical history by explaining motives and tendencies in a composer's work before clearly stating what the work was, but he does not long leave him in difficulty, and the apt quotation of typical passages of composition is a great help.

First he is careful to show that the change of standpoint from that of the sixteenth century was not so sudden as at first sight appears. Instrumental art had developed unofficially, so to speak, and unrecognised by the Church, which held sway over what was deemed the serious art of music, and even in choral art itself there was a distinct tendency towards an harmonic rather than a contrapuntal view, especially in the Madrigal, as we saw in discussing volume ii. But with the dawn of the seventeenth century, music received an entirely

new impulse from a strong influence quite outside that of the Church, which affected it in common with all other artistic and literary thought all over Europe, in the movement known as the Renaissance. Its immediate effect upon music was in the direction of dramatic expression in the works of a small coterie of musicians and poets, who attempted to unite solo music with poetry after the manner of Greek drama. In this attempt may be seen a return to the music which preceded that of the early Church, with this exception—that these innovators supported the voice with a rude harmonic accompaniment for instruments. The first experiment of Vincentio Galilei, one of the foremost of this new school of composers, is reported to have been "a setting of the scene of Ugolino from Dante's 'Inferno,' which he sang to the accompaniment of a 'viol'." Doni reports that "some people were pleased and that some laughed." Indeed, cultivated musicians must have either laughed or wept at the childish appearance of this "Ars Nova"; nevertheless, from this sprang the Opera, and what is more important, the power of appropriate expression in all music. For to the cultivation of this one quality of expression all art was for the time being sacrificed, as the specimens of dramatic composers till Monteverde show. While these early efforts at expression were in the direction of solo singing of a wandering, recitative-like type, composers were not slow to perceive that the various tones of instruments might be made to serve the ends of expression and that the new principles might even be applied to choral singing. It was inevitable that with this new acquisition of untried possibilities composers should wallow in effects and impressions as wild in their way as those of certain twentieth-century composers, who have come into the new inheritance of orchestral colour as left them by Wagner; but the genius soon arrived, in the person of Monteverde, who should show the legitimate direction of these new efforts. Sir Hubert Parry's pages on the work of Monteverde are of exceptional interest, showing clearly his development of harmonic resources in his unconventional treatment of the seventh and other discords, as well as his instrumental technique in accompaniments. The incipient Overture as exemplified in his works, and his strength of dramatic expression.

But along with this movement, and exerting a parallel influence with it upon musical thought in general, went another experimental one in the direction of instrumental music pure and simple. This, as we have seen, took innumerable forms differing with the types both of the instruments and of the men who cultivated them. The English lute and virginal music of Dowland, Byrd, Bull, fascinating though it is as an antiquarian study, is of little consequence to the art, since, like so many other insular types, it led nowhere. Much more important are the great organ schools of North and South Germany, in which we see the development of the technique of the organ in the hands of such masters as Froberger, Muffat, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, from the first copying, often direct transcription, of choral works to the noble style of the last named, which was inherited by the greatest of all organists, J. S. Bach. A quotation as to the methods of development in instrumental music will be useful here.

There were three possible lines upon which music in instrumental style might be achieved. One was to continue working on the ground-work supplied by many centuries of choral writing, and to manipulate "voice parts" so as to be more suited to instruments and more conducive to instrumental effect. The second was to develop and expand the dance forms, and to find out how the various instruments could be best used to enforce the rhythmic and melodic elements in such music; and to discover how to dispose several dance movements so as to set off one another by contrasts and affinities. The third was to experiment in season and out of season in the unexplored regions of virtuosity, and to make a coherent whole out of passages of brilliant effect.

Speaking roughly, it appears that organ music was the result of a combination of the first and third methods; music for other keyed instruments, the virginal, harpsichord, etc., was arrived at through the first and second

methods, especially the second, and that for strings, sets of viols and the later violin school, through the second and third. For the last of these the Italians were mainly responsible, as the Germans were for organ music, and the growth of the great Italian school of violinists, which found maturity in Corelli, is an important feature of this period. Naturally, at this time the development of musical forms plays an important part in the history of the art, for where instruments are used without voices this is a consideration of paramount importance. In organ music the most important form is the fugue, and in Germany the various forms resulting from the treatment of the chorale; but in other departments, where these severe forms would be either not acceptable or unsuited to the technique of the instruments, forms tracing their descent from primitive dance tunes make their appearance as suites of various types, and ultimately the Sonatas of Corelli in the two forms, "Da Chiesa" and "Da Camera." All these are of almost equal importance as leading up to the instrumental works of Bach; of almost equal importance in preparing the way for Handel are the later developments of opera and oratorio of which we have noted the beginnings.

After Monteverde Italian opera sank gradually into conventional methods, and tended more and more to become a mere string of formal recitatives succeeded by even more formal arias. Fatal as it was to this particular branch of the art, this very decadence had its use in establishing certain much needed principles of form. The "Aria" form which ruined the works of Alessandro Scarlatti, was the foundation of some of the most beautiful solos of both Bach and Handel, as the tentative oratorio of Carissimi was the parent of that of Handel and afforded certain precedents to Bach. But this, though hinted at by Sir Hubert Parry, is properly matter for volume iv. French opera as represented by Lulli is another factor of great importance to later history, and is discussed at great length.

Sir Hubert Parry, as is natural, deals very fully with English music both before and after the Commonwealth. The post-Restoration period of course culminates in the works of Purcell, and is necessarily of great interest to Englishmen. It is almost pitiful, however, to be made to realise how abundant has been the effort towards musical expression in this country, and how totally without effect upon the course of the art in general it has been. In spite of a bias, which one respects, in favour of the music of his country, Sir Hubert Parry makes no attempt to disguise the facts. The spring of the "Ars Nova" was in Italy, and it communicated itself to other countries, exemplified in the opera of France and the organ music of Germany. While Englishmen shared in the general activity occasioned by the new impulse, they were not destined to surpass their fellows in other countries in any one particular, and, as we shall see, they were only too ready to abandon their own efforts, in order to worship at the shrine of the great German when he arrived.

H. C. C.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

THE second volume of the Cambridge "Beaumont and Fletcher" will be ready on March 7, and two others are in the press, and will be published in April. It has now been decided to follow the ten volumes of text with an eleventh containing explanatory notes, a glossary and other material of use both to the student and the general reader. Considerable interest attaches to the volume now appearing by reason of the rediscovery by the editors of the 1625 manuscript of "The Humorous Lieutenant," or "Demetrius and Enanthe," as the manuscript names it, which Dyce purported to print "verbatim et literatim" in 1830. The manuscript itself having passed into obscurity, Dyce's reprint has hitherto been relied on, and on occasions later

editors have recorded readings from his text as manuscript readings. How far they have been justified in fact will now appear.—Mr. Waller has followed up his volume of Prior's "Poems on Several Occasions" by a second: "Prose Dialogues and other works," which will be published very shortly. It will contain the remainder of Prior's writings in prose and verse, the poems published before the folio of 1718 but not included therein, the poems published between 1718 and 1721, the date of Prior's death, and those posthumously published, together with the Prose Dialogues of Prior, hitherto unpublished, from the Longleat manuscripts.—The second volume of Cowley will also be published in April, and the second volume of Crabbe, which contains hitherto unpublished material, is promised early in the same month.

Professor J. Churton Collins has edited for the Oxford University Press Matthew Arnold's "Merope," to which is appended the "Electra" of Sophocles, translated by Mr. R. Whitelaw. In this volume, which will be ready immediately, an attempt is made to introduce and to bring home to modern readers who are not Greek scholars, Attic tragedy in its most perfect form. If the book is favourably received it is intended to follow it with a series of small volumes each containing some leading Greek tragedy in an acknowledged masterpiece of translation, edited in the same manner.—The Clarendon Press also announces a small work by Professor S. R. Driver, "The Book of Job in the Revised Version," edited with introductions and brief annotations. The aim of this volume is to make the poem intelligible to the ordinary educated reader, and the editor maintains that, if care be taken to adopt the right marginal readings, the Revised Version gives correctly the general sense of the Book of Job.

At the end of the month Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish the first of the genealogical volumes which are issued as part of the scheme of the Victoria History of the Counties of England. There will be one such volume for each county. The first deals with, and is entitled, "Northamptonshire Families," and besides dealing generally with the Landed Houses of the County, treats very fully the most important families, giving elaborate chart pedigrees, portrait illustrations, etc. There are also included lists of Members of Parliament elected for the county and the boroughs of Northampton, Peterborough, Brackley and Higham Ferrers, and a list of Sheriffs of the county. The next volume of this series will deal with Hertfordshire Families, and other volumes will appear shortly.

The centenary of Mrs. Browning's birth will bring two new books on the Brownings from Messrs. Smith, Elder: "Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Her Letters," by Percy Lubbock; and "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," edited by Frederic G. Kenyon. The second volume contains an interesting correspondence between Robert Browning, Alfred Domett and Sir Joseph Arnould. Domett, subsequently the first Premier of New Zealand, was the Waring of Browning's famous poem, "What's become of Waring," and Sir Joseph Arnould was afterwards Chief Justice of Bombay.—The same publisher announces "Voltaire's Fellow-Workers," by S. G. Tallentyre—a companion volume to the "Life of Voltaire"—and four interesting novels: Mr. Percy Dearmer's "Brownjohn's," which will be published on the 26th; "If Youth But Knew," by Agnes and Egerton Castle, promised on April 2; Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career," some time in May; and a new book by Mr. Horace Hutchinson—"We and the Doctor"—now in the press.

Messrs. Alston Rivers announce for publication early in March, "The Heart of the Country," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer—a companion volume to "The Soul of London"—and two novels: Mr. Hueffer's "The Fifth Queen" (Catherine Howard) and "Richard Baldock," by Archibald Marshall, the author of "The House of Merrilees."

On the first of March Messrs. Methuen will publish an interesting work on "Macedonia," by H. N. Brailsford. The book is the fruit of some five journeys in the Near

East, and of a winter spent among the villages of Macedonia after the general rising of 1903. It aims at presenting a careful account of the political and social life of Macedonia, and deals with such topical subjects as the Bulgarian insurgent organisation and the little-studied Albanian national revival, and also with the daily life of the peasantry.—On the same day Messrs. Methuen will publish "The Mayor of Troy," by "Q"—a novel which has achieved a very considerable success in America—and on the 8th they will issue a new novel by Bernard Capes: "Loaves and Fishes."

Messrs. Longmans have in the press an important book, "The Art of Garden Design in Italy," illustrating the planning and arrangement, the architectural features and accessories of the old Italian gardens of the best periods, with an historical essay and descriptive and critical accounts of the principal gardens in Italy, by H. Inigo Triggs, A.R.I.B.A. The work comprises one hundred and twenty-eight plates, of which seventy-three are reproduced in collotype from photographs specially taken by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. The remaining plates consist of complete surveys of many of the most important villa gardens in Italy, and half-tone reproductions from photographs specially taken for the work and from old engravings dealing with the subject. The text consists of an historical introduction tracing the development of garden planning, and historical and critical accounts of the subjects depicted, plentifully illustrated by plans, sketches, and measured drawings of garden detail in fountains and ponds, terraces, balustrades, stairways, vases, and all garden accessories.

On March 1 Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Mr. Clement L. Wragge's "The Romance of the South Seas." The book is in two sections, the first comprising "The Prison of the Pacific," as New Caledonia, with its convict element, may well be called; and the second "A Trip to Tahiti *via* Rarotonga and Raiatea." Botanists, conchologists, geologists, and students of tropical fish will all find much to interest them. The numerous illustrations are from unique photographs of island scenery and native life.—On March 8 the same publishers will issue "Literary Rambles in the West of England," by Arthur L. Salmon. This book is an attempt at topography chiefly on its literary side. Mr. Salmon accompanies Borrow to Cornwall, Keats to Teignmouth, Wordsworth to the Quantocks, Coleridge and Tennyson to Clevedon. He sojourns with Herrick at Dean Prior, and with Hawker at Morwenstow; he tries to interpret the message that Richard Jefferies gave to the world from his Wiltshire home. One chapter follows the ramblings of Celtic saints about the West Country.

Of even greater interest is Messrs. Chatto and Windus's announcement, for publication early in the spring, of Mr. Henry Saxe Wyndham's "Annals of Covent Garden Theatre, 1732." There are few figures in theatrical or any other history that are more eccentric than was that of John Rich, the founder of the theatre and for almost thirty years its manager. Unfortunately, but little is known of him, in spite of the fact that he was for many years the principal theatrical magnate of his time. It is surely more than a little curious that of a man who was a friend of Pope, the patron of Gay and Garrick, an intimate of Handel and Hogarth, and, in spite of his fine country-house, a thorough Bohemian of the best type—to say nothing of being owner of the largest theatre in the kingdom—there is absolutely no personal trace to be found in the National Portrait Gallery, nor, excepting a few caricatures, in the print-room at the British Museum. His successors are many of them better remembered; John Beard the singer, George Colman the dramatist, the Kembles—John and Charles—Macready, Charles Mathews, and Madame Vestris—all these have been more immediately in the public eye, and their names will be recognised.

The announcement that the Library Supply Company will publish shortly a "Manual of Descriptive Annotation

for Library Catalogues" is a further indication of the desire of library authorities to improve their catalogues in respect of fulness and clearness. The manual will fully describe present practice in adding descriptive notes to catalogue entries, and will formulate a code of rules for the systematic analysis of the contents of books. The author is Mr. E. A. Savage, borough librarian, Bromley, Kent; Mr. E. A. Baker, M.A., author of "Guide to Best Fiction," contributes a chapter on evaluation and a historical note.

The second volume of The Chapbooks, entitled "Essays, Moral and Polite, 1660-1714," and edited by Mr. and Mrs. John Masefield, is to appear immediately. "We have given," say the editors in their Introduction, "specimens of nearly every kind of prose writing for which the age is famed"—the period between the Restoration and the death of Queen Anne, selections from such authors as Jeremy Collier and Steele being taken from their less familiar works. Among other writers represented are Evelyn, Cowley, Dryden, L'Estrange, Addison and Berkeley.

Dr. Richard Garnett has just completed a biography of W. J. Fox, and the book will be issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, South Place Chapel, which has always had as much of a literary as a religious, philosophical atmosphere, was built for Fox in 1824, and in that year he had the distinction of writing the initial article—"Men and Thought in 1824"—in the newly established *Westminster Review*. He was one of the earliest appreciators of Browning's genius, and praised "Pauline" in his *Monthly Repository*. The address to the nation in 1840 from the Anti-Corn Law League was written at Cobden's request by W. J. Fox; and he was M.P. for Oldham from 1847 till 1863, the year before his death.

Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are adding "The Blackmore Country" to their "Pilgrimage Series." It is written by Mr. F. J. Snell and is illustrated from photographs specially taken by C. W. Barnes Ward. The writer has been at some disadvantage compared with the authors of preceding volumes in the series owing to the fact that Mr. Blackmore left particular instructions that no life of him was to be attempted, but compensation is found in the exceptional attractions of the district itself, which embraces tracts of Devonshire and Somerset.—Wessex, that portion of the southern and south-western England which Thomas Hardy has so vividly described, is to form the subject of a colour book which Messrs. Black are about to publish. The illustrations are from a series of seventy-five water-colour drawings by Mr. Walter Tynedale, whose selection of subjects is so typical that any one not conversant with the district may obtain from them a very accurate idea of what "The fayre land of Wessex" is like. Mr. Clive Holland writes the text accompanying the pictures.

The Rev. Thomas Barns, M.A., has made a new translation of St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to the Devout Life" for Messrs. Methuen's Library of Devotion; it is from the 1619 edition as revised and corrected by M. Silvestre de Sacy, published in Paris in 1860. It has been the endeavour of the translator both to be loyal to the simplicity of the French and at the same time to preserve the rhythm of the English language.

An enlarged edition of the "Red and White" Book of Menzies, brought up to date, is almost ready for the press and will contain a wealth of historical information only now brought to light, connected with Prince Charlie and the forty-five, etc. There will be a large number of illustrations, one being a reproduction of a painting discovered by Sir Robert Menzies, representing the Clan Menzies (two hundred in number) as the Guard of Honour to Queen Victoria on her first visit to the Highlands in 1842, and an account of the great Highland funeral of the late chief of the clan is given.

Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes have in preparation "The Knights of England," a complete record from the earliest time to the present of the knights of all the Orders of Chivalry in England, Scotland and Ireland, and of knights

bachelors, by William A. Shaw, Litt.D., editor of the Calendar of Treasury Papers at H.M. Record Office, author of the History of Currency, etc., incorporating a complete list of knights bachelors dubbed in Ireland, compiled by G. B. D. Burtchaell, M.A., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law, Office of Arms, Ireland; printed and published for the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood, Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

A new book on the "Queen of the Blue Stockings" is promised by Mr. Murray early in April: "The Early Life of Elizabeth Montagu," by her great-grand-niece, Emily J. Climençon. Four volumes of letters to and from the Madame du Deffand of London society, as Mrs. Montagu has been called, were published by her nephew and executor, Matthew Montagu, between 1731-61, but fortunately her correspondence has been most carefully collected and preserved, and this work will consist of materials from that great store which have not hitherto been made public.

"Wenharton and Bulcamp, Suffolk," is the title of a work of local history by Rev. J. B. Clare to be published very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. It contains a list of vicars of the parish from 1217, and churchwardens from 1547, and gives a description of the recently discovered ancient painting in the church, known as "The Wenharton Doom" and an account of some of the old wills and lawsuits of the locality. A glossary of old-fashioned words still in use is also supplied.

The Gresham Publishing Co. are issuing, in fourteen volumes, a handsome new edition of the "Shakespeare" edited by Sir Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall; and the third volume of Professor J. Wortley Axe's work, "The Horse: its treatment in health and disease, with complete guide to breeding, training, and management"—which the same firm is issuing in nine volumes—is in the press.

It is believed in America that Mr. Carnegie is engaged on an autobiographic volume, which he intends should be a guide to young men of energy and ambition. He has intimated that he will not shield himself nor omit his mistakes in life, and he has asked each of his former partners to furnish dates and reminiscences, which he will compile.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have seldom read words of weightier wisdom than I found in the ACADEMY of February 17, 1906, at p. 165, where it is said that—"We object, on principle, to the literary introduction [to a classical book], which dulls the direct effect of the book on the reader's mind," etc. It is well said, at the same time, that "the gain of reading a good book is doubled when the reader learns also its place in the history of literature, its derivation, its kinship, its descendants."

That is just the very point. All that we want to know about a book is a brief account of its origin and all the facts and dates regarding it that are essential and acceptable. But what I, for one, resent with my whole heart is a mass of opinions about its style, and its relation to the styles of other writers.

During a good half-century, English literature has been my delight. My plan has always been, and always will be, to buy texts, complete if possible, in an accessible and readable form; and then to read the texts themselves, from end to end if possible, but leisurely and as it has pleased me to do from time to time. Some pieces, even by reputed authors, are hardly to be read now, except in so far as they illustrate old customs or old words. Others can be read twice or thrice.

But the twaddle about style is intolerable. I do not read a book in order to form somebody else's opinion about it; I would far rather do so for myself. I am not a babe, and I detest spoon-meat. If only some of our critics could come to appreciate, even to a slight degree, that we do not want their opinions, that their standing in the author's light is often a piece of needless and offensive impertinence, and that a great deal of their talk about the beauties and defects of an author is either irrelevant, inconclusive, or peculiar to themselves, much less ink need be spilt. The only editor whom I can respect is one who faithfully serves and helps me, and who has sufficient common sense to know when he has said enough. "Parallelisms" from other writers are often lugged in, head and shoulders, merely to show

learning, and are by no means "parallel" except at a very great distance. Let all wise men read the texts themselves, and let editors learn that they are mere servants, not literary advisers.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MR. LANG'S "SECRET OF THE TOTEM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Some readers of Mr. Lang's interesting work, "The Secret of the Totem," may yet, like myself, find a difficulty with part of his theory. Mr. Lang suggests that the animal names originally arose from "sobriquets given by group to group." The "We" did not require a name for themselves but for each of the other groups whom they collectively designated "wild blacks," "barbarians," "outsiders," etc.; and thus the animal nicknames were applied. For our benefit he compares the use of sobriquets in France, England, Orkney, etc. Without doubt these latter are true nicknames and were applied as terms of contempt, the object being to reduce the party to the level of the beast or to pour ridicule on him. But Mr. Lang tells us that "savages undeniably do not draw the line between beasts and other things on the one hand and men on the other, as we do." Now it is just because we draw this distinction that these animal names have been applied in Scotland and elsewhere, and they would not have been given were this not implied.

"The names were rather honour-giving than derisive," says Mr. Lang. Why then were the names given? All Mr. Lang's modern examples seem to imply the reverse. "The savage does think nobly of all animals and so has no reason for resenting but rather for glorying in his totem name." Yes, as totem name; but is there any proof that he would apply the name of an animal he thought nobly of to the "barbarians," "outsiders," etc.? Mr. Lang seems to want to eat his cake and have it. In the first case the savage is required to have a contempt for animals and to draw a wide distinction between the animal kingdom and man in order that the names may be applied to the hostile groups; then he is required to honour all animals and to believe in a "mystic union," etc., in order to give rise to the belief in the totem. Both can hardly be true.

Again, if "a name" implies all that Mr. Lang supposes it does to the savage, why does the latter give it to his enemy? He surely must be able to reason sufficiently to know that in his own mind this brings his enemy under the protection of the animal. If not when used by him, it would certainly do so if adopted by the enemy. This ought to put a prohibition on the use of animal names unless self-imposed.

ALFRED H. CROOK.

Hong Kong, January 16.

IN MEMORIAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I submit a paraphrase of that passage in your review of "In Memoriam," of which it is asked how many readers could disentangle the texture?

"If, in thy second state sublime, Thy ransom'd reason	If, in heaven, Thy reason, being again where it first came from, interchange opinion
change replies	
With all the circle of the wise,	with the array of wise spirits already in heaven
The perfect flower of human time;	who were at one time humans, and the best and greatest of the world;
And if thou cast thine eyes below,	And if thou look back upon earth again and see me, having in thine eyes the glamour of these great departed ones,
How dimly character'd	how little must my form stand out from its environment, since all things appear in a mist when one has been gazing at a strong light;
and slight,	and how feeble must I appear, compared to those great ones;
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,	how like a plant that has been deprived of sunshine: small, and
How blanch'd with dark- ness	colourless (for plants become white when grown in the dark)
must I grow!	must I seem more and more to you as your vision compares me with what is before you;— "the perfect flowers."

Your reviewer says nothing about the first couplet of the third stanza; but perhaps the readers are presumed to be "equal to the intellectual pressure" of that.

F. C. TILNEY.

February 8.

WORDSWORTH AND SHELLEY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. G. E. Biddle, is clearly of the same opinion as Wordsworth himself, who once observed in Lamb's presence that he could write plays like Shakespeare, if he had a mind. "Then," observed Lamb drily (and the vast majority of critics will agree with him), "it's only the mind that's wanting!"

Of course Macaulay was completely in the wrong, and the power of writing masterpieces like the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" the *Prometheus Bound*, the *Bacchae*, the "Republic," the "Inferno," the "Paradise Lost," the "Faery Queen," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," is "the easiest and most obvious of gifts." What a pity that so few of us take the trouble to exercise it!

But Shelley's poetry is "infected with wretched pessimism and gloomy melancholy." Unhappily the *Agamemnon*, *Oedipus Rex*, *Medea*, *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Phedre*, *Wallenstein*, *Faust*, "Isabella," the "Prisoner of Chillon," the "Ring and the Book," the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Eugenie Grandet," "Romola," "Vanity Fair," Pascal's "Pensées," La Rochefoucauld's "Maxims," Swift's and Juvenal's "Satires" are infected with the same baneful spirit. What a misfortune that literary students are perverse enough to study such morbid productions, instead of turning to the "better and richer banquet spread by Wordsworth," including, I presume, such inimitable poems as the "Idiot Boy," the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," and the dreary pages of the "Prelude"!

Your correspondent's remarks on "trash" are amusing and unlucky. No doubt there have always been critics who have set Colley Cibber above Pope, Mrs. Hemans above Browning, and Mrs. Henry Wood above Thackeray, Codrus above Juvenal, and Bavius and Maevius above Virgil—"Valeat quantum!"

I will not trouble you and your readers by taking any further part in this discussion.

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I regret having again to trouble you with a letter. My previous contribution—appealing only for toleration for the supreme rights of individual taste—was so severely handled, so much misconstrued that I write in fear and trembling as to the reception that will be accorded to my second letter. But Mr. Hutton has asked me a question, and no other course seems open to me but to make an attempt at replying. My great difficulty is to know how rightly to interpret his inquiry. Lest he should think me raising difficulties of my own creation I will quote his actual words. "If to be inspired with a genuine admiration for some of the noblest lines yet written by any poet since Shakespeare and Milton is to entitle one to the appellation of 'fanatical devotee,' what name shall be given to one who equally admires a poet whose words, 'Came like water and like wind (they) go,' leaving no lasting or ennobling influence on the minds and hearts of his readers?" This question seems to me open to two distinct interpretations. If he intends this extract from Omar together with the following words to represent the effect of either Shelley's or FitzGerald's verse, I have no hesitation in denying his assertion with all the strength of which I am possessed. It is utterly absurd—one might almost say ridiculous—as a comment on the greatest lyricist in our language—on Shelley who wrote the great "Ode to the West-wind"—or the "Ode to Night"; and, always assuming I have understood him aright, the relevancy or necessity of his question is by no means clear. What we are discussing is "The Immortal Phrase"—not the relative positions in the poetical hierarchy of Shelley and Wordsworth.

But perhaps he wants me to give him a description of a lover of a poet of his own selection, but not being aware of the poet he has chosen, I cannot possibly do as he wishes.

I have done what I can to satisfy Mr. Hutton's demand, and it is not for me to criticise his comparison of Shelley's verse with a rainbow, or to express my inability to appreciate his talk about the "universal heart of mankind" in this connection. And I suppose I must not do more than merely remark the eagerness with which he seizes upon a slight mistake of mine—perfectly immaterial as it is—in the omission of the word "correspondent" from the sentence of mine he quotes.

Before I close, however, I should like to point out to J. E. H. that it is the very antithesis to dogmatism to assert that each individual mind is the final arbiter on points of taste. It does not imply dogmatism, to state a thing emphatically and decisively. And I should like him to observe that all I wished to know of Coleridge's statement, which Mr. Hutton quoted, was, whether it was made under circumstances which would justify its being used as an argument in this particular controversy. Perhaps Mr. Hutton may even yet oblige me by elucidating this somewhat obscure point.

FRANK FOVARGUE.

February 7.

PATELIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A sense of gratitude might surely have induced your reviewer to refrain from further reference to my "feeble" translation, which he tried his best to bludgeon out of existence last April. (But, as I pointed out in your columns, some of his strokes fell *à tort et à travers*, a *scintilla*

of life remained, and I believe my humble attempt will yet reach a second edition.) The recent "scholarly and vigorous translation" of the original farce must have been suggested by a revival of interest in the whole subject early in 1905. The alternative supposition would imply that the long arm of coincidence this time had extended over nearly four and a half centuries. The difficulty of translating the Breton and other dialects Dr. Holbrook, it would seem, has surmounted (or evaded, as you obligingly and obliquely suggest) by leaving unattempted; but this evasion is a very small matter compared with the whole form of this latest version. With deference, I submit that to give in prose a great classic that made its first appeal in such lively verse is *not* to present English readers, for the first time, with "an opportunity of gaining a just idea of what this famous play was like." As a poor private student, with no University training, I am not in a position to estimate to what degree Archbishop Whateley is still an authority, but I read in my copy of his "Rhetoric" that "none but a poet can be qualified to translate a poem," and further, that "a good translation in verse is read, by one well acquainted with the original, with equal or even superior pleasure to that which it affords to one ignorant of that original." Hitherto I have been given to understand that a close prose translation of poetry served the purpose merely of the harmless, necessary "crib."

SAMUEL F. G. WHITAKER.

February 20.

[Our Reviewer writes: I abstained from mentioning Mr. Whitaker's name in connection with Dr. Holbrook's *Patelin*; but, since he wishes it to appear, pray use your discretion. I have no intention of referring further to his work, but does he class Lang, Leaf and Myers's and Butcher and Lang's Homer, Lang's Theocritus, and Jebb's Sophocles among "harmless, necessary cribs" ?]

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Bland, R. N. *Historical Tombstones of Malacca, mostly of Portuguese and Dutch Origin*. 11½×8½. Pp. 75. Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d.

[With the inscriptions in detail and illustrated by numerous photographs.] Macdonald, George. *Coin Types: their origin and development*. The Rhind Lectures for 1904. With numerous plates. 9½×6. Pp. 275. MacLachlan, 10s. net.

ART.

Miltoun, Francis. *The Cathedrals and Churches of the Rhine*. 8×5½. Pp. 370. Brimley Johnson, 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. *Porfirio Diaz: seven times President of Mexico*. With over 100 illustrations and a map. 10×6½. Pp. 421. Hurst & Blackett, 21s. net.

[After publishing "Mexico as I Saw It," Mrs. Tweedie revisited the country and stayed with President Diaz and his wife. At the beginning of her biography, the author ingenuously remarks that she considers her hero the greatest man the nineteenth century produced.]

DRAMA.

Fyfe, Peter. *Kedar: a Drama*. 8½×5½. Pp. 134. Glasgow: William Hodge, 2s. 6d.

EDUCATION.

A Nature Reader for Senior Students. An Anthology of the Poetry of Nature. Edited by the Hon. Sir John Cockburn and E. E. Speight. 7½×5. Pp. 334. Hodder & Stoughton, 2s. net.

FICTION.

Marriott, Charles. *The Lapse of Vivien Eady*. 7½×5. Pp. 311. Nash, 6s. (See p. 181.)

Thurston, Katherine Cecil. *The Gambler*. 7½×5½. Pp. 389. Hutchinson, 6s. (See p. 181.)

Ohnet, Georges. *The Poison-Dealer*. Translated by F. Rothwell. 7½×5. Pp. 293. Werner Laurie, 6s.

Boyd, Mary Stuart. *The Misses Make-Believe*. 7½×5½. Pp. 310. Chapman & Hall, 6s.

Rickett, Edith. *Folly*. 8×5½. Pp. 315. Arnold, 6s.

Elliot, Edwin. *Barr and Son*. 7½×5. Pp. 291. Elliot Stock, 6s. net.

A Time of Terror. The Story of a Great Revenge. (A.D. 1910.) 7½×5½. Pp. 340. Greening, 6s.

Thurston, E. Temple. *Traffic*. 7½×5½. Pp. 452. Duckworth, 6s.

Everett-Green, Evelyn. *Lady Elizabeth and The Juggernaut*. 7½×5½. Pp. 349. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.

Eyre, Archibald. *The Girl in Waiting*. 7½×5. Pp. 313. Ward, Lock, 6s. net.

Farrer, R. J. *The House of Shadows*. 7½×5. Pp. 335. Arnold, 6s.

Webbing, Peggy. *Blue Jay*. 7½×5. Pp. 378. Heinemann, 6s.

Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *In Silence*. 7½×5. Pp. 336. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.

GENEALOGY.

The Scots Peerage. Founded on Wood's edition of Sir Robert Douglas's

"Peerage of Scotland." An historical and genealogical account of the nobility of Scotland. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon

King of Arms. With armorial illustrations. Vol. iii. Crawford-Falk-

land. 9½×6½. Pp. 617. Edinburgh: Douglas. To subscribers 25s. net.

per vol., or single vols., 30s. net.

HISTORY.

The Records of the City of Norwich. Compiled and edited by the Rev.

William Hudson and John Cottingham Tingey. Published in two

volumes by authority of the Corporation of the City of Norwich. Vol. 1.

10½×6½. Pp. cxlvi. Jarrold, 25s. net.

[The Norwich Muniment Room is, perhaps, richer than that of any other City in the Kingdom in its Records, dating back to the twelfth century. These have been arranged and put into order, and some two years ago the Authorities of the City decided to place a portion of the most interesting of these Records at the disposal of the reading public by publishing them in two volumes. The first issue is limited to 500 copies, of which the Norwich Corporation have reserved 100 copies for their future use, leaving only 400 copies for subscription.]

Stubbs, William. *Lectures on Early English History*. Edited by Arthur Hassall. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 391. Longmans, 12s. 6d. net.

[Delivered at various times. The Constitution under the Early English and Norman Kings is described, and full explanations are given of the technical terms used in the laws and charters of the Norman Kings, forming a kind of commentary on the "Select Charters." Among the more important of the later lectures are an account and comparison of Early European Constitutions, and discussions on the Character of the Early Ecclesiastical Systems in Europe, on the Origins of the European Land System, and on European Law. The volume closes with a lecture on the Beginnings of English Foreign Policy.]

LITERATURE.

Moulton, James Hope. *A Grammar of New Testament Greek*. Vol. i.—Prolegomena. 9½ x 6. Pp. xx, 274. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 8s. net.

[Based on W. F. Moulton's edition of G. B. Winer's Grammar.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Acorn. A Quarterly Magazine of Literature and Art. 9 x 7. Pp. 129. Published by the Caradoc Press, at 47 Great Russell St.

Lorimer, Adam. *The Author's Progress, or The Literary Book of the Road*. 8 x 5½. Pp. 276. Blackwood, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. In five vols.—vol. ii. F.—L. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 794. Macmillan, 21s. net.

Singing, or Method of Song and Speech. By a Singer. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 112. Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.

[Chapters on voice-articulation, voice-nervousness, voice variation, the voice in reading and speaking, etc.]

Goddard, Joseph. *The Deeper Sources of the Beauty and Expression of Music*. With many musical examples. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 119. Reeves.

PHILOSOPHY.

Hight, George Ainslie. *The Unity of Will: studies of an Irrationalist*. 9½ x 6. Pp. xv, 244. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.

[The views expressed in these pages are based on those of Schopenhauer, contained in chapter xix, Pt. ii. of his "Die Welt als Vorstellung."]

POETRY.

White Poppies. By Iarfhlaith. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 190. Oxford: Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.

Roberts, R. Ellis. *Poems*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 100. Brimley Johnson.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Watt, A. F.; and Hayes, B. J. *Matriculation Selections from Latin Authors*. University Tutorial series. Second Edition (third impression). 7 x 5. Pp. 338. University Tutorial Press, 2s. 6d.

The Pocket George MacDonald. A Choice of Passages. Made by Alfred H. Hyatt. 5½ x 3½. Pp. 214. Chatto & Windus, 2s. net.

SCIENCE.

Guenther, Conrad. *Darwinism and the Problems of Life*. A Study of Familiar Animal Life. Translated from the Third Edition by Joseph McCabe. 10 x 6½. Pp. 436. Owen, 12s. 6d. net.

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Devas, Charles Stanton. *The Key to the World's Progress*, being an essay on historical logic. 8 x 5½. Pp. 321. Longmans, 5s. net.

Legg, J. Wickham. *Ecclesiastical Essays*. 9 x 6½. Pp. xii, 275. The De la More Press, 7s. 6d. net.

[Vol. vii. of the Library of Liturgiology and Ecclesiology for English Readers, edited by Vernon Staley. Dr. Wickham Legg's essays, collected from periodicals, deal mainly with liturgical and ritual subjects, and include "Revised and shortened services" and "The Lambeth Hearing." The book is handsomely illustrated, and there is a good index.]

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Weinel, H. *St. Paul: the Man and his Work*. Translated by the Rev. G. A. Bienemann and edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. 9 x 5½. Pp. 399. Theological Translation Library. Williams & Norgate, 10s. 6d.

[The greater part of this book appeared as a series of articles in the "Christliche Welt," but these have been revised, and the two chapters "The Theologian" and "The Man" added.]

Bousset, W. *Jesus*. Translated by Janet Penrose Trevelyan. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. Crown Theological Library. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 211. Williams & Norgate, 4s.

[Book i: The Outward Course of the Life of Jesus, and the Forms of His Activity. Book ii: The Teaching of Jesus; Book iii: The Mystery of the Person.]

Edmonds, Dom Columba. *The Early Scottish Church: its doctrine and discipline*. With a preface by the Right Reverend Aeneas Chisholm, LL.D. 7½ x 5½. Pp. xix, 306. Sands, 6s. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Reynolds-Ball, Eustace. *Rome: a Practical Guide to Rome and its Environs*. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 256. Black, 2s. 6d.

Fountain, Paul. *The Eleven Eagles of the West*. 9 x 6. Pp. x, 362. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

[Mr. Fountain, contrary to his expressed intention, has returned to America in this, his fourth book; but he deals here with the eleven Western States—California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Nevada.]

THE BOOKSHELF

Poetical Tributes in memory of the late Sir Henry Irving. Edited by Chas. F. Forshaw, LL.D., F.R.S.L., F.R.Hist. S., Honorary Dental Surgeon to the Actors' Association. (Elliot Stock, 5s. net). This volume is a further proof of the enthusiasm awakened in the breasts of his countrymen by the late Sir Henry Irving, and is interesting on that account as a document in evidence. There its interest ends. We cannot recommend any one to be at the pains of reading these tributes: it is enough to know that Sir Henry's death inspired no less than one hundred and four persons to write "poems" which found a place in one or other of the London and Provincial journals—of how many more were roused to less fortunate efforts there is no record in the volume before us. Occasions like these are festivals of the obvious. Of these one hundred and four twenty-seven quote—in various degrees of accuracy—the now famous line from *Becket*: "no less than thirty-four request that the curtain may be drawn down, or rung down, or inform us that it has been drawn down, or rung down, or closed. We have not tried to count the number who talk of life as a *role* (which in this volume is consistently spelled and printed as if it were an English word), and quotations from Hamlet are as thick as blackberries. One gentleman introduces a diversion by scanning "Melpomene" as a trisyllable; another by three times in two poems crying "Elegiac," as if it were "Oyez," and scanning it as two iambs. With the exception of the fine lines of Mr. Sydney Grundy, Mr. W. L. Courtney (here twice spelled Courtenay), Mr. James Rhoades and Mr. Owen Seaman, we find no "tributes" in which the poetic power shown is so creditable to their authors as the honest admiration of the great man in whose honour they were written—not even that of the Alderman who brackets Shakespeare and Sir Henry Irving together as "masters of the tragic art," nor the clergyman who rhymes "Pericles" to "Mon fils." The book is carelessly edited and printed.

To all aspirants to authorship we commend Miss C. E. Heisch's little book, *The Art and Craft of the Author*, practical hints upon literary work (Elliot Stock). Miss Heisch has nothing new to say—and that is to her credit. Her advice may be boiled down into the old golden precepts: Be honest; be patient; be industrious. But it is just because, year by year, the growth of journalism offers more and more temptation to young people to be in a hurry to "turn out" articles in response to the constantly increasing demand, that we call their attention to a little book which takes the art and craft of the author seriously and points no easy royal road to success. The book is not free from faults (surely Miss Heisch might have found something better than "Jim Bludso" to quote as an example of "exceedingly powerful writing, achieved by very natural means"); but her advice is always good, and her book is well arranged and clearly written.

Students of Rossetti will be glad to have their attention called to the *Bibliography of the Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, by Mr. William Michael Rossetti (Ellis). It is reprinted, with revisions and additions, from the *Bibliographer* of New York, and contains, in addition to the bibliography proper, a list of Books illustrated by Rossetti, a supplementary list of French and Italian translations from Rossetti, and an Index.

A Manual of Carpentry and Joinery. By J. W. Riley (Macmillan, 6s. net). This book is designed with special reference to the syllabus of the City and Guilds of London Institute, and its object is "to develop an appreciation of general principles." The author has, on the whole, succeeded in producing a book which will prove of great service to the student, and the chapters on Geometry and Mensuration

are especially valuable, for the tyro who makes himself master of these will be well equipped when entering on the practical stage of the course. The summaries and questions appended to each section of the book will prove very useful to the lecturer, as well as to the student who desires to test his knowledge as he goes on. In the list of timbers it is stated that the wood of the chestnut is "of a brownish colour," and that "it is used for piles, and occasionally as a substitute for oak." This statement is misleading, for it applies only to the wood of the sweet or Spanish chestnut. The timber of the Horse-chestnut, which Mr. Riley does not mention at all, is almost pure white and very brittle, and is used extensively in turning and for in-laying. The American Hornbeam should also have been described, for it is a valuable timber and is largely employed in pattern-making, for wooden cog-wheels, and boot-trees, and for many other purposes where a hard, tough and very durable wood is required. The telescopic or extension ladder is so very generally used nowadays that a description of its construction would have been useful, and should be included in the next edition of the book, in which the following errors should also be corrected; on p. 159, line 9, "that" is put for "than"; p. 286, line 3, the reference should be to Fig. 542, not 539. On p. 331 we have three-fourths of a page of verbatim repetition from p. 160, which could with advantage be replaced by a reference. The book is very fully illustrated with diagrams, sketches, and photographs, all of them without fault, except the drawing of a "clout" nail, which should have a much larger head and a round point, not a flat one.

Mariale Novum (Longmans, 3s. 6d. net).—A few members (fourteen or fifteen) of the Society of Jesus have collected into a volume a series of sonnets on the titles of the "Litany of Loreto," or "Litany of Our Lady." The sonnets, including an introductory sonnet to St. Joseph and those on the invocations to the Trinity, are sixty-three in number, in allusion to the sixty-three years which the Virgin Mary is said by tradition to have lived. The sonnets are only signed by initial Greek letters, but the same letter stands always for the same writer. Our favourite in all is Zeta, though Alpha has a fine sonnet to St. Joseph. The making of sonnets is, after all, in most cases a gentlemanly exercise; the inspired sonnet is rarer in literature than poets and critics are willing to believe; and it is in no depreciation of the sonnets before us that we pronounce them—nearly all—the work of intelligent, cultivated and thoughtful men, rather than of poets. One and all, they are well worth study. Most of them are packed with thought, all of them have a grave restraint and dignity very far removed from the religious sensationalism that has done so much to discredit sacred poetry in the eyes of students of literature. We in England have a fine heritage of sacred poetry; and the Society of Jesus, the Society of which Robert Southwell was a member, has peculiar claims on and duties towards that heritage. Worthily conscious of their privilege, the authors of this most interesting and pleasing volume have proved themselves good stewards.

The Extinction of the Ancient Hierarchy. By the Rev. G. E. Phillips. (Sands, 10s. 6d. net.) The frescoes and inscriptions commemorating the English martyrs for the Roman Catholic Faith, which were painted in the Old English College in Rome late in the sixteenth century by Pomarancio, mainly through the activity of George Gilbert, assisted by Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Allen and others, were instrumental in securing the Beatification of those martyrs by Pope Leo XIII. Part of one of these frescoes (which survive now only in engravings) represented a prison, with this inscription beneath it: *Propter sedis Romanæ et fidei catholice confessionem undecim Rmi. episcopi catholici ex diuturna carceris molestia contabescens obierunt.* Who were these eleven Bishops who died in prison in the Elizabethan persecutions? Their names were well known in the times contiguous to their own; the record became confused and blurred before the day of the Beatification; and the task Father Phillips has set himself is the identification of the eleven and the record of their histories. A careful examination of contemporary evidence, conducted with acumen and power, has resulted in his complete success. The eleven are identified, and the book, besides the obvious interest to Roman Catholics, has claims on the student of history for the light it throws on the events of those stirring years. Incidentally, Father Phillips, following in the footsteps of Mr. James Gairdner and other Protestant historians, clears Bishop Bonner from the charge of cruelty that has clung to him too long.

Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. (Moring: The King's Novels, 1s. 6d. net.)—We are glad to welcome so charming a reprint as this of so fine a novel as "Peg Woffington." The work itself is, we hope, too well known to need comment; but the value of this edition is enhanced by the introduction contributed by Dr. Richard Garnett. Dr. Garnett tells the story of how *Masks and Faces* came to be made into a novel, sets out the advantages a novel has over a play, and raises two interesting questions; Why was there so much acted and so little written fiction before Boccaccio; and which branch of the art—play or novel—will outlive the other? In answer to the first he suggests want of education, paucity of writing materials, and the fact that "literature was for many ages confined to countries where the conditions of climate encourage exhibitions and recitation in the open air." He might have added, we believe, the superior force of illusion with which a play affects people not critical enough to observe its essential exaggerations and falsities. To the second question, Dr. Garnett replies that he believes the novel will outlive the theatre. We believe him to be right, but hope that we shall not live to see the day when his prophecy is fulfilled. The present book is a welcome addition to one of the most charming series of reprints in the market.

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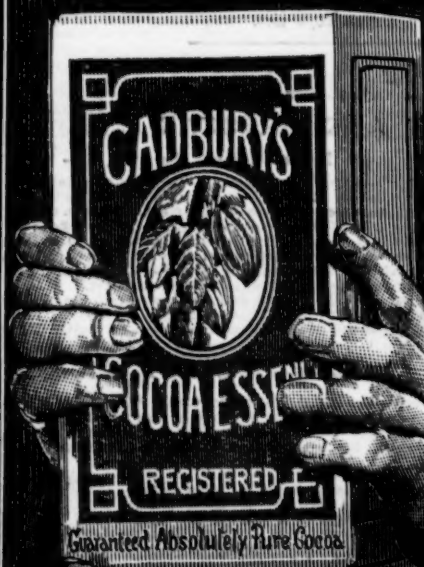
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